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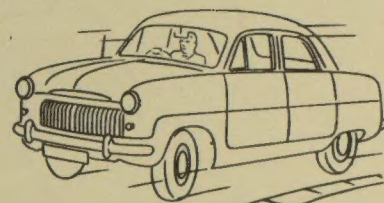
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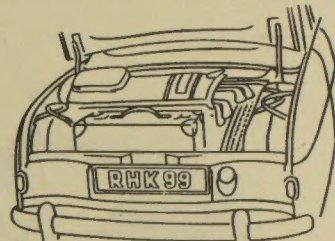


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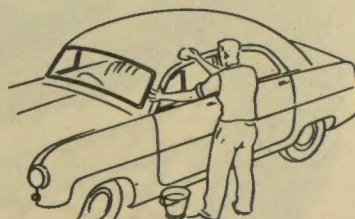
THIS CAR, he says, has road-holding and cornering qualities that take the tension out of driving at 70 m.p.h. It has a new suspension system so good that it reduces fatigue. And the 'over-square' o.h.v. engine, remarkably economical to run, has a low stroke/bore ratio that adds years to its life. He sums up: all these qualities, at this price, make the Consul a new — a higher — *class* of car !



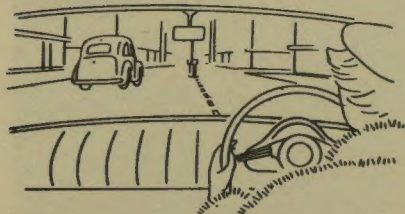
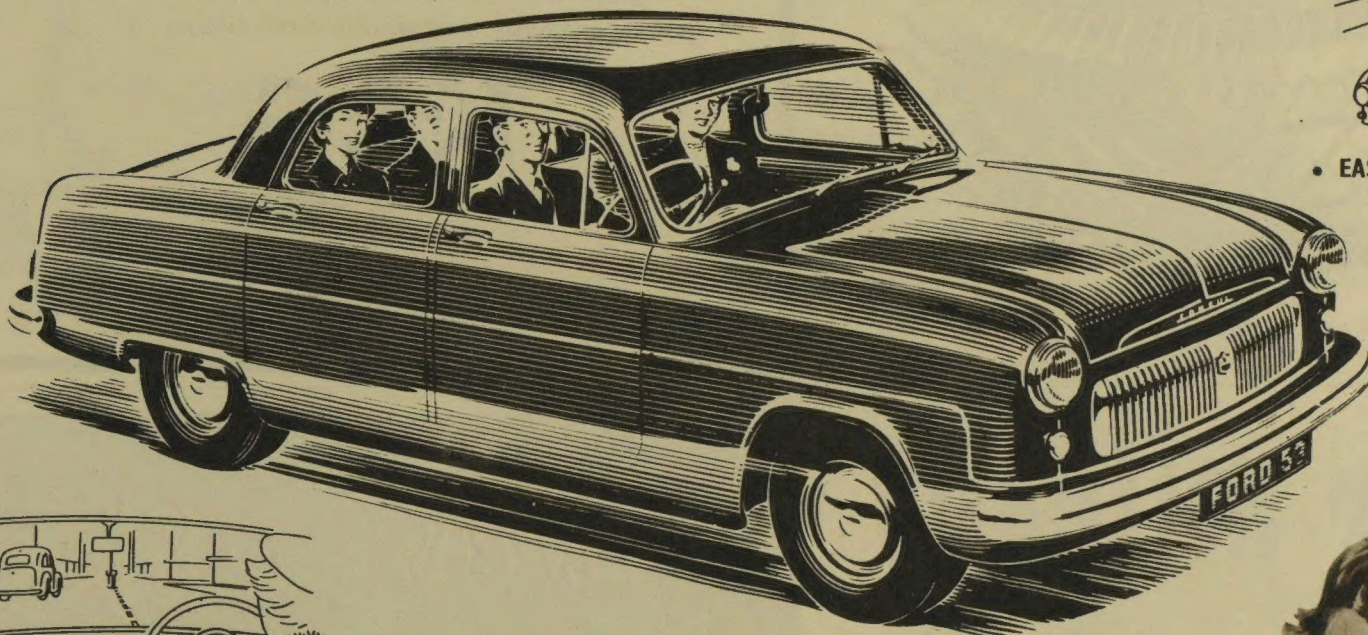
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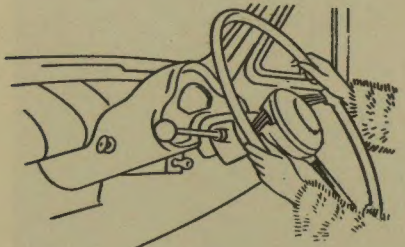
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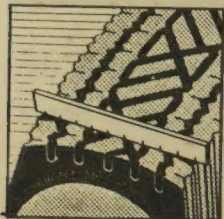
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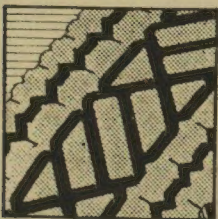
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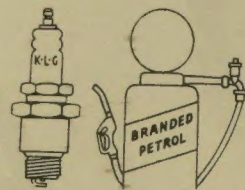
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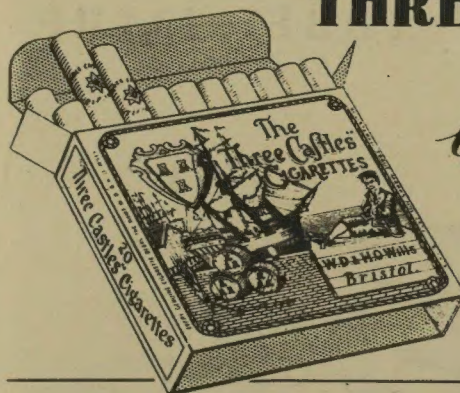
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crown their enjoyment with
The
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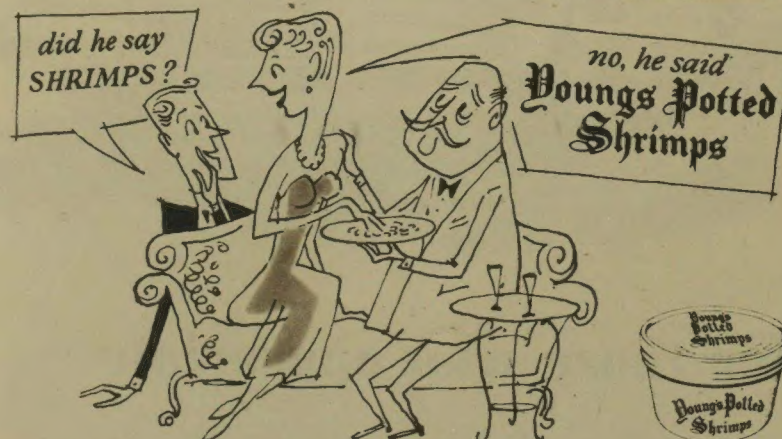


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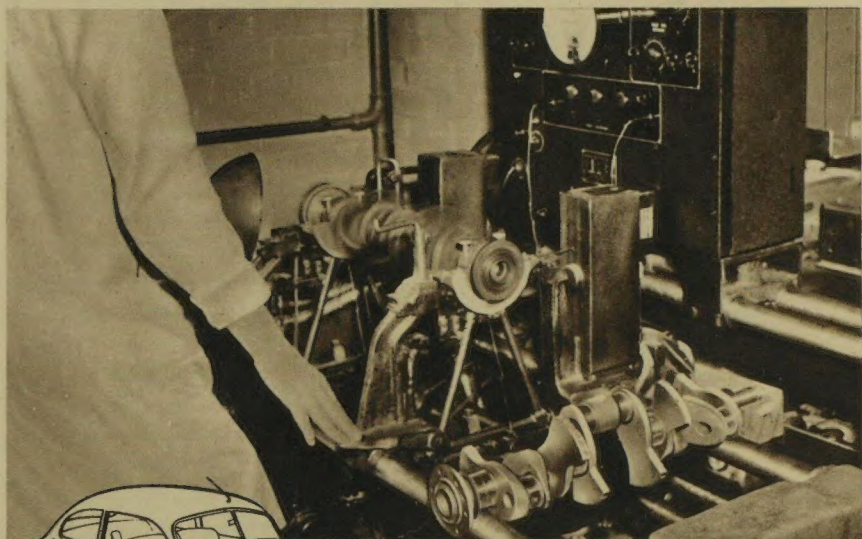


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By rotating a crankshaft at speed this electronic machine tests static and dynamic balance . . . electro-statically records out of balance forces . . . enables operator to position balancing holes to a hairsbreadth. This is only one of the many tests each component of the Bristol 401 saloon must pass before reaching the assembly line. Suspension, transmission, electrical circuits, steering — all must be perfect.



THE BRISTOL 401 SALOON Aero-dynamically designed four/five seater . . . six cylindered in-line engine with inclined overhead valves gives 85 B.H.P. at 4,500 r.p.m. 97 m.p.h. in top, 80 m.p.h. in third, 50 m.p.h. in second, 31 m.p.h. in first. Acceleration 0-70 m.p.h. in 25 seconds . . . fuel consumption 23 m.p.g.



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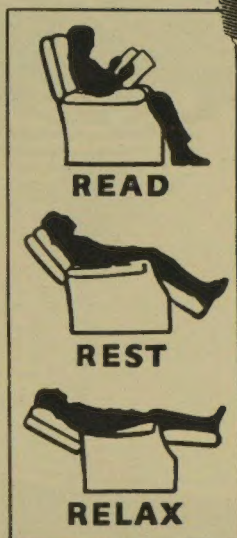
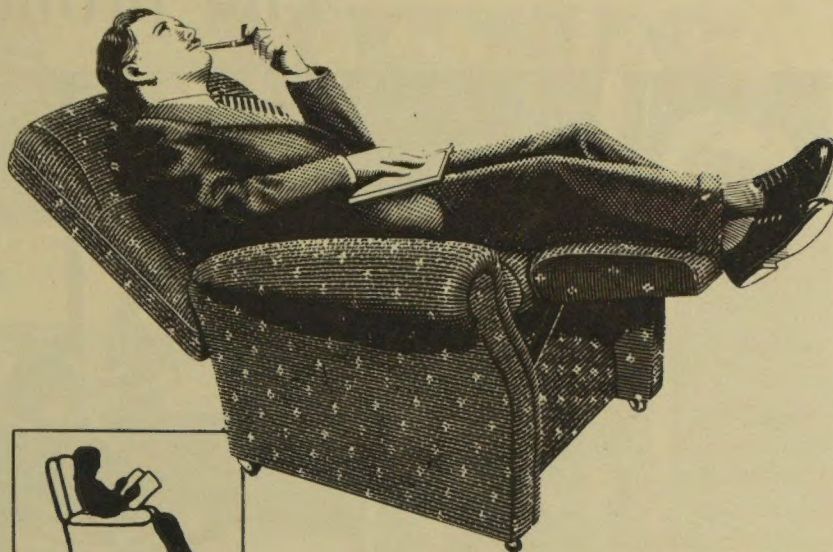
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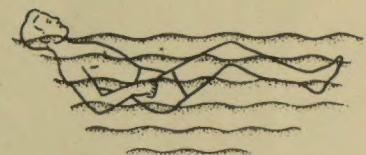
Bless your heart . . .

and that's

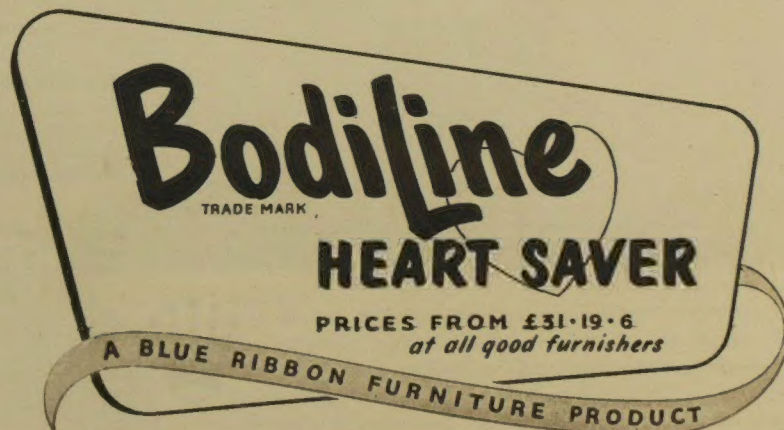
exactly what this chair has been

designed to do for you . . . It is the outcome of many years' research to find a chair giving the ideal relaxing position . . . the natural body line in repose with weight off the feet and heart muscles relaxed. Just to sit in it is wonderful. Lean back. So does the chair. Lie back and the chair lies back too . . . seat, back and footrest moving in correct ratios . . . without effort . . . automatically.

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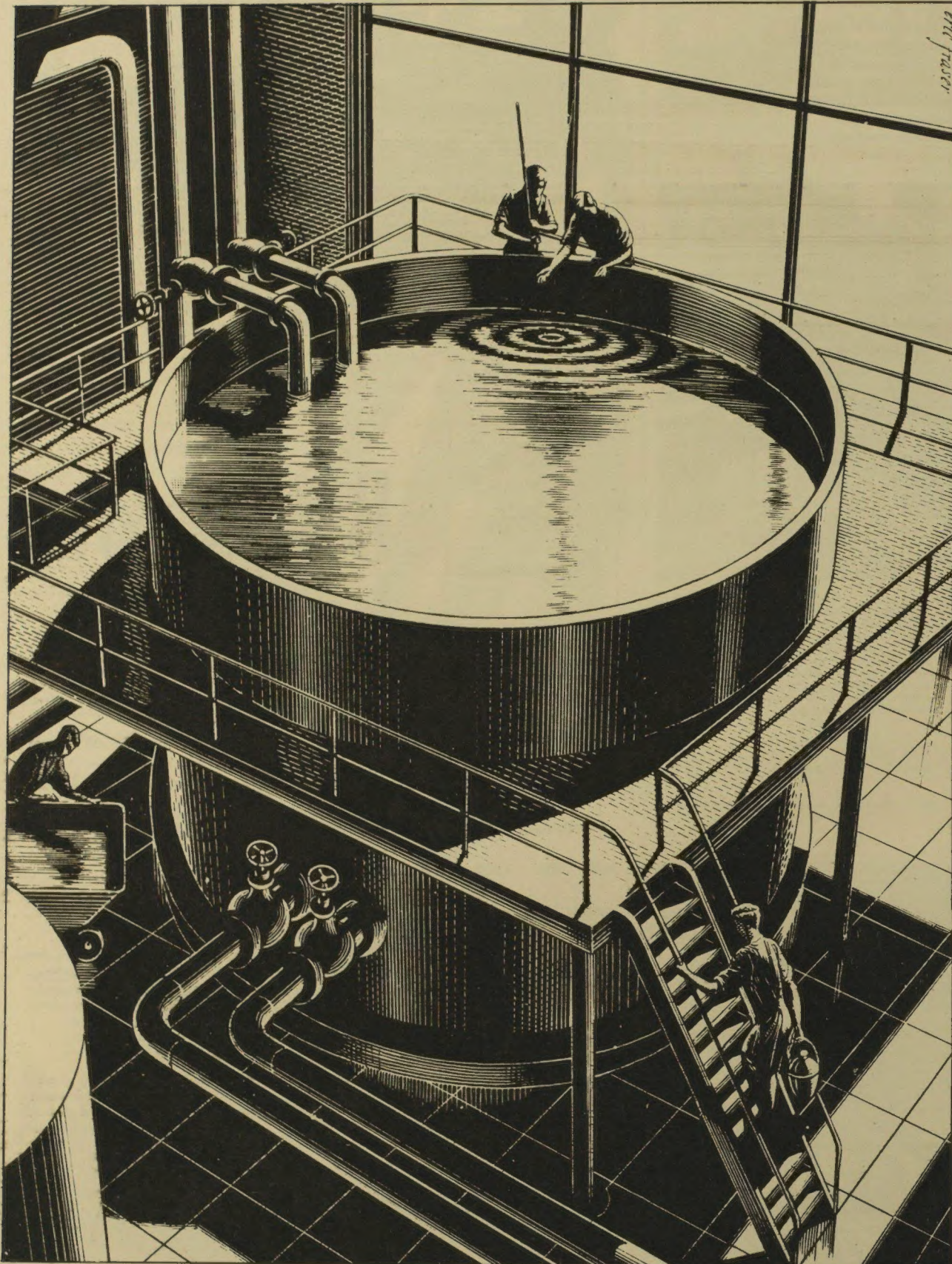


It was discovered that the body is most perfectly relaxed when floating in water. Notice how the five most vital spots of the body are correctly supported by the "Bodiline" Chair.



WRITE to the makers, Greaves & Thomas, Ltd., Dept. ILB, Clapton, E. 5 for details of models and names of nearest stockists. Or visit Blue Ribbon Furniture Showrooms, 3 Princes St., Regent Street, W.1 and Wolfenden St., Bolton.

The proud customer★



"OUR CUSTOMER is rather proud of this exploit." These words were written to us at Rolex by a firm of Manchester jewellers, and they referred to a story brought to them by one of their customers, which concerned his watch, a Rolex Oyster.

He was employed by a well-known firm of engineers, and one day he was working by a large tank, ten feet deep, which was full of an emulsion of water, oil and various alkalis. Not a pleasant mixture. And even more unpleasant when you drop a precious Rolex Oyster into it.

It was on the 23rd of August that the watch fell into the tank. It could not be retrieved until October 16th—a period of roughly eight weeks. And during that time, the tank was frequently heated to a temperature of 150 degrees.

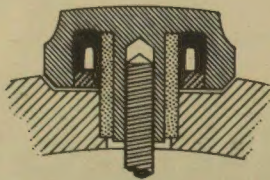
But when they finally brought it out, the watch had suffered little damage. A few minutes cleaning, and the eight-week immersion in chemicals, the heating, and the fall, might never have happened. "Our customer is rather proud of this exploit." Well, and so are we.

For when you consider the extreme refinement of the Rolex movement—made to tick 432,000 times a day, lubricated with drops of oil measured to infinite fractions of a gramme—you can realize how well the Rolex craftsmen work. Not only the men of today, who made that watch, but the men who designed that Oyster case. So fine a movement demanded a fine protection; in the Oyster case it finds that protection.

And even if your watch leads a watch's normal life; even if it will never be in danger of having an adventure like that, the Oyster is still meant for you. Those insidious enemies, dust, water, perspiration, attack all watches but they won't get far with a Rolex Oyster.

★ This is a true story, written by Messrs. W. Batty and Sons, of Manchester, England, on behalf of their customer Mr. Bayes, of Didsbury, Manchester. A photostat of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

"... a large tank, ten feet deep, filled with an emulsion of water, oil and various alkalis..."



Another Rolex triumph—another Rolex "first," the all-metal Phantom crown stays waterproof even when pulled out for hand-setting!

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For the latest information on Rolex Watches recently arrived in this country, write to The Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

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If you're visiting or leaving Great Britain, buy your Rolex or Tudor watch under the simple and convenient Personal Export Scheme.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

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A Rolex Oyster—the waterproof watch both for people who swim and people who don't. For the Oyster case is meant to protect that perfect movement, not only against water, but against the more insidious enemies of damp and dust. How well it does it you'll never know—until you actually become the owner of a Rolex Oyster.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1953.



THE DESIGN FOR THE OVERSE OF THE CORONATION MEDAL: AN EFFIGY OF HER MAJESTY CROWNED AND ROBED AND LOOKING TO THE SPECTATOR'S RIGHT; AND FOR THE REVERSE, THE ROYAL CIPHER "E. II. R.", WITH AN INSCRIPTION—"QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CROWNED 2ND JUNE 1953."

THE Queen has approved the institution of a silver Coronation Medal which is to be struck for issue to selected individuals in the Crown Services and others in this country and throughout the Commonwealth and Empire. Persons in the United Kingdom to be honoured by this award will receive the medal at the earliest possible date after the Coronation. The medal, which has been designed by Mr. Cecil Thomas, F.R.B.S., bears on the obverse an

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.] effigy of her Majesty, crowned and robed and looking to the spectator's right. On the reverse is the Royal Cipher "E. II. R.", surmounted by the Crown, with an inscription: "Queen Elizabeth II. Crowned 2nd June 1953." The medal is officially described as "an official medal to be worn on all occasions on which decorations and medals are worn, on the left breast." It has a dark red ribbon 1½ ins. in width with narrow white stripes at the edges and two narrow dark blue vertical stripes near the centre. It is to be worn after war medals and Jubilee and previous Coronation medals, but before efficiency and long-service awards. The actual medal is on view in the Royal Academy in the Royal Mint Exhibit in the Lecture Room at Burlington House.

THE SILVER CORONATION MEDAL: TO BE BESTOWED AS A PERSONAL SOUVENIR FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



BENEATH THE TOWERING WALLS OF WINDSOR CASTLE—A BRILLIANT ROYAL AND MILITARY OCCASION:

On April 27 H.M. the Queen presented new Standards to the Household Cavalry. The ceremony took place in the Home Park, below Windsor Castle, and more than 500 officers and other ranks took part in the parade. The mounted troops of the Life Guards were drawn up on one side of the saluting-base, the mounted troops of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) were drawn up on the other, while dismounted troops faced the saluting-base. In all, eight new Standards were presented—a new Royal Standard and three Squadron Standards to each regiment. The parade was

commanded by Colonel E. J. S. Ward, of the Life Guards. The Queen was received with a Royal salute and the old Standards were trooped and lodged to the accompaniment of the traditional tune, "Auld Lang Syne." The new Standards, which were draped on two silver kettle-drums, were consecrated in a service conducted by Canon V. J. Pike, Chaplain-General to the Forces. After presenting the Standards, the Queen addressed the parade and said: "The long and glorious story of your regiments over the centuries has been one of devotion and zeal to your Sovereign

HER MAJESTY'S PRESENTATION OF NEW STANDARDS TO THE REGIMENTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

and your country. From Dettingen to France and Flanders the courage and glorious deeds of your forebears should fill with pride all who serve in your regiments and who hold dear their honour and their fame. In the last war the First and Second Household Cavalry regiments won further renown in the deserts of the Middle East, in Africa, Italy and North-West Europe. The dying words of one of your officers in the first great war, 'It is all in the day's work,' express the willingness with which you have cheerfully and successfully undertaken a variety of tasks. You have fought

on horses, on foot, from armoured vehicles and trucks, from camels, and, on one occasion, even on board ship. Now, while your two mounted squadrons alone remain to recall to us the glory of the original British cavalry, the armoured car regiments of the Life Guards and the Blues, one abroad and the other at home, take their place at the head of my armoured regiments." When the Standards joined their regiments the mounted squadrons went past the Queen at a walk and a trot. Another photograph of this brilliant ceremony appears on page 730.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE publication by the King's Printers of the thirteen volumes announced under the name of "English Historical Documents"—telling the story of our history in first-hand sources from the Anglo-Saxon invasion to the outbreak of the First German War in 1914—is perhaps the most momentous historical undertaking of our age. If the other volumes match the one that has already been published—that so brilliantly edited by Professor D. C. Douglas and George Greenaway for the years 1042 to 1189—it will be one of the most valuable historical works ever produced in this country. A more thrilling collection of documents than those contained in this particular volume* I have never read. Here, translated into English from Latin, are parts and, in some cases, the whole, of nearly all the great contemporary narratives, letters and administrative, economic and political records from which our main knowledge of this period is derived, including part of Domesday Book, the wonderful "Dialogue of the Exchequer," the various contemporary accounts of Becket's quarrel and martyrdom; William FitzStephens's description of twelfth-century London, and Walter Map's character of Henry II. It runs to nearly a thousand pages, and even includes a full reproduction of the Bayeux Tapestry. With its immense range and masterly selection of material, it makes one understand the thoughts and feelings of our twelfth- and eleventh-century ancestors as no other book I have ever read has done; as a communication of essential truth even such great works of modern interpretation as Sir Frank Stenton's and Dr. Poole's magnificent volumes in the new Oxford History scarcely compete with it. For invaluable as is the modern interpretation of the past by great scholars and writers, it can never wholly take the place or convey the full revelation of contemporary documents. However necessary guidance may be in studying these—and in this wonderful volume it is consistently given—they alone can light the authentic spark of recognition which is the key to the life of the past.

Sometimes I think that the greatest of all the discoveries of our age, greater even than those of material power, for it may save us from their consequences, has been the rediscovery of the Middle Ages by a succession of great living historians—of such scholars, to mention only a few of those now working in this country, as Powicke and Knowles, Stenton, Douglas and Galbraith, Poole, Jacob and Barraclough. And in their rediscovery for us they have revealed that there never was a Middle Age at all! There was only the soul of man in pilgrimage—a pilgrimage from which in the physical triumphs of our industrial era it temporarily turned aside, but to which it is now fast returning. The thing that matters in history is its continuity, and the common denominator of that continuity, as Collingwood saw, is the soul of man. It is there, and there alone, that the values are formed which prevent the chronicles of man and earth being merely—

a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

For the more, as a mere layman, one reads about the Middle Ages through the interpretative work of such scholars and now, in such a volume as Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have given us, in the translated documents of the time, one begins to realise how much of what one was taught at school and university to regard as self-evident truth, is not self-evident at all and not even always truth. One of the things in whose reality one was then taught to believe was a period of history called the Middle Ages. Some of our teachers thought it was a good thing, and others a very bad, antiquated and unenlightened thing—this particular belief still apparently persists in certain quarters in the House of Commons! Most of us who had to learn about it from our school text-books were convinced that, good thing or bad thing, it was a very dull one. But on any examination of their own utterances, one is led to the disturbing conclusion that the people who lived in this long period of time were quite unaware that they were living in it at all. They had never heard of the Middle Ages. Even Dante, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis and our own Chaucer were unaware of its existence. If one had mentioned it to them, they wouldn't have known what one was talking about. And the same, no doubt, applies to Renaissance man and Dark Age man and Neolithic man. None of them had learnt to divide time into these artificial categories. It is we, or our history teachers, long afterwards, who have done so.

I will admit, as a kind of history teacher myself, that there is often a great convenience from the teacher's point of view in doing so. It makes

history easier to teach. But unfortunately it also tends to defeat its own object by falsifying what we teach. Take, for instance, that curious and almost mystical date 1485—or, as some have it, 1494—which at school was held to divide mediæval man and thought from Tudor man and thought? Was it really very different from any other year, and did those living in 1486 feel themselves to be in any way different from what they had been in 1484? Did even a very old man living in, say, 1530, see the world as a fundamentally different place to what it had been when he was a boy in 1450? Henry VIII. was on the throne in the one and Henry VI. in the other, when earth was, of course, peopled with lovely women and valiant, witty young men who had long passed away or grown old. But, as Mr. A. R. Myers pointed out in his recent brilliant contribution to the Pelican History of England, both must have seemed to contemporaries part of the same sweep of time.

No, the divisions of history are artificial divisions, made by posterity to enable it to catalogue historical phenomena according to its own standards and notions. And the standards and notions of men constantly vary.

Almost every generation, if it is to apply its knowledge of the past usefully, needs for its own purposes a different method of measure. And looking back on our long past from the view-point of the mid-twentieth century, our history seems to fall into three fairly clearly distinguished periods. The most recent began somewhere around 200 years ago, when we started, with ever-growing rapidity, to make ourselves an industrial nation, depending on our genius in creating and using machinery, in selling its products, and on raw materials and food increasingly imported from abroad. The pursuit of such activities has transformed our lives and outlook to such a degree that, despite many underlying similarities, we really do seem to be living in a different world to that of our ancestors in, say, the reign of Queen Anne. Then there is another epoch of our history, a very long way away, when our remote ancestors were being slowly transformed from isolated or tribal savages into social and political creatures. During the latter part of that process, which continued in England from long before the Roman Conquest until, say, some time in the thirteenth century, and which was largely the work of the Christian Church—itsself the representative of the vanished classical civilisation of the Mediterranean basin—the political institutions which still provide the framework of our national society were formed—the monarchy, the Church, the parish, the Common Law, even the shadowy beginnings of Parliament. And between these two periods, one recent and one remote, comes, as I see it, a third period, which lasted for four or five centuries, during which a rustic society called England, operating in the framework of political institutions which we still enjoy, created one of the two or three greatest cultures the world has ever seen. The fruits of that culture comprised the poetry of Chaucer, the Border Ballads, of Shakespeare, Donne, Milton, Dryden, Pope and, straying into the beginning of our own age, of Blake, Wordsworth, Keats, and Coleridge; the architecture of the English Gothic and Perpendicular church-builders, of the makers of the English village and the Cotswold and East Anglian towns and great

country houses, of Inigo Jones, Wren and Kent; the music of Dunstable, Byrd, Lawes, Purcell and Arne and the wonderful national treasure of folk song and dance that Cecil Sharp so miraculously saved for posterity in the hour of its final extinction; the theology of the Anglican and Nonconformist divines and the philosophy of Bacon, Newton and Locke; the faith of Langland, Bunyan and Wesley; and, above all, the sturdy morality, good sense and robust courage and skill of the English country gentleman, yeoman, peasant and craftsman. As Edward Fitzgerald so truly wrote as that great culture began to dissolve into the smoky ardours of the Victorian age, "there never was such a country as old England—never were there such a gentry as the English. They will be the distinguishing mark and glory of the English in history, as the arts were of Greece, and war of Rome. I am sure no travel would carry me to any land so beautiful as the good sense, justice and liberality of my good countrymen made this. And I cling the closer to it, because I feel that we are going down the hill, and shall perhaps live ourselves to talk of all this independence as a thing that has been." To divide artificially, as the old school of historians did, a period so creative and so culturally cohesive is to miss the magnitude and significance of that achievement—one whose understanding is of such immense importance to our own present and future. For this reason one cannot help welcoming the tendency of historians to abandon the older and now meaningless chronological classification of the Middle Ages and to see the great stretch of English time from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries as what it was—a unity.

PRINCE CHARLES AT A GREAT ROYAL OCCASION.



AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF NEW STANDARDS TO THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY BY H.M. THE QUEEN, PRINCE CHARLES LEAVES THE PARADE WITH HIS MOTHER AND (RIGHT) HIS FATHER, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

For the brilliant ceremony at Windsor Home Park, below the towering walls of the Castle—at which, on April 27, H.M. the Queen presented new Standards to the Household Cavalry—Prince Charles was present, as was his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, who wore Field Marshal's uniform. Parts of the ceremony were televised, and the moment of our photograph is that when Prince Charles first appeared on the television screen, being called by his mother to come from the saluting-stand to the car which was waiting to take them away at the close of the parade. Princess Margaret was also present on this brilliant occasion, as were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with Prince William and Prince Richard, and the Duchess of Kent with Prince Michael of Kent. A general view of the scene, an account of the parade and extracts from the Queen's speech appear on pages 728-729.

* "English Historical Documents, Vol. II. (1042-1189)." (Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

COMBINING MOBILITY WITH PERMANENCE: HOUSES AT THE B.I.F.



A HOUSE WHICH CARRIES ITS OWN FOUNDATION: THE "NEW DEPARTURE" HOME OR "HOUSE ON SKIS" SEEN (LEFT) ARRIVING IN TWO SECTIONS AT EARLS COURT AND (RIGHT) ERECTED; SHOWING THE STEEL SKI-CHASSIS FOUNDATION. THIS HOUSE HAS 400 SQUARE FEET OF FLOOR SPACE.



THE INTERIOR OF THE "HOUSE ON SKIS": A VIEW OF A CORNER OF THE LIVING-ROOM. THIS HOUSE, FULLY FURNISHED, READY TO LIVE IN, COSTS LESS THAN £1000.



INCLUDED IN THE PURCHASE PRICE FOR HOUSE AND FURNITURE: THE MODERN SINK UNIT IN THE KITCHEN OF THE "HOUSE ON SKIS." THE KITCHEN IS FITTED WITH A SLOW-COMBUSTION STOVE.



A BRITISH-BUILT HOME FOR THE WORLD MARKET THAT PACKS INTO TWO LORRIES: HALF A "UNITROY" HOUSE ON ITS WAY TO THE DOCKS.

A new section at the 1953 British Industries Fair, at Earls Court, was provided by an industry which has made rapid strides during the last three years, especially in the export markets. Among the many interesting examples of "Prefabricated Buildings" in this section were the two illustrated on this page. The "New Departure" Home, or "House on Skis," is now available for the home market as well as for export. This house has an amazing, simple ski-chassis built of steel in braced and welded sections which holds the building as firm as a rock.



A HOUSE WHICH CAN BE ERECTED AS A PERMANENT HOME WHEREVER THE OWNER DESIRES: THE EXPORT MODEL OF THE "UNITROY" HOUSE AT THE B.I.F.

There is a large living-room, a double and single bedroom, a compact kitchenette and a combined bathroom and W.C. The house, which takes four hours to erect, is as mobile as a caravan. The price, including fittings, is £750 ex-works; or fully furnished, erected and delivered, under £1000. The "Unitroy" house, also illustrated above, can, unlike most factory-made houses, be built to any design. Complete with fittings, it costs, dependent on design, from £1000 to £2000. It can be packed in two lorries and erected as a permanent home wherever the owner desires.

WAS FLETCHER CHRISTIAN THE "ANCIENT MARINER"?

"THE WAKE OF THE BOUNTY"; By C. S. WILKINSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WAS Fletcher Christian, the mutineer of Captain Bligh's *Bounty*, the model for Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner'? Did he return to England from Pitcairn Island? Did he tell his story to Wordsworth, and did Wordsworth pass it on to his friend Coleridge? Those are the questions which Mr. Wilkinson (a familiar name in Wordsworth, but I don't know if there is any connection) poses. He endeavours to establish "Yes" as the answer to all of them. He hints at some connection between Young, the midshipman who mutinied with Christian, and Brigham Young, the Moses of the Mormons; and he thinks that Wordsworth, in his French phase, may have been mixed up with Marat! But these are side issues. His main conclusion is bluntly stated on his last page. "Somewhere, in the year 1795, Christian and Wordsworth must have met. It was probably in Bristol that the meeting took place and Wordsworth had made his plans well, since only a suspicion of his visit has come down to us, and Christian safely reached his haven in Dumfriesshire by way of Nether Stowey. One can only speculate whether they met on the open quay, or in some dockside inn, in daylight or in darkness, but the vagueness of their background heightens the attraction of the scene when the two men recognized each other."

"One can only speculate," I am forced to reflect after all Mr. Wilkinson's ingenious conjectures, as to whether they ever met at all. "How many possibilities make a probability, and how many probabilities make a certainty?" I ask myself. The verdict, were the court sitting in (say) Dumfriesshire, would, I think, be "Not Proven." But Mr. Wilkinson has certainly given the biographers "something to chew" in the shape of large bones of contention; or, if you like, he has started several alluring hares.

Mr. Wilkinson contends that the ship's voyage was actually based on that of Bligh's ship; that Fletcher Christian came back haunted by horrors (the name Fletcher means arrow-maker, and the crossbow of the poem may be significant), obsessed, possibly, by the memory of letting a ship's company down, or even of having shot an albatross, and passed the story on to Coleridge, through Wordsworth. There does exist in the British Museum a notebook of Coleridge's in which he enters as possible subject for a poem: "Adventures of *Christian* the mutineer," and that is circumstantial evidence of a sort. That



THE TRADITIONAL BIRTHPLACE OF FLETCHER CHRISTIAN: THE SUMMER-HOUSE, FORMERLY A WATCH-TOWER, IN THE WALLED ORCHARD AT MOORLAND CLOSE.

Fletcher Christian died on Pitcairn Island we cannot be sure.

The last of his shipmates to survive on the island, John Adams, gave three incompatible accounts of the manner of his death; and, many years after the mutiny, Captain Heywood, who had been in the *Bounty* with him, was sure that he saw him and unsuccessfully chased him, in Plymouth Dock—"At the moment, his first thought was to set about making some further enquiries, but on recollection of the pain and trouble such a discovery must occasion him, he considered it more prudent to let the matter drop, but the circumstance was

frequently called to his memory for the remainder of his life." About 1808 or 1809, when Heywood thought he saw him, there was (according to Barrow) a general belief that he was visiting the Lake District; and there is said to be a tradition that he was engaged in the smuggling profession between Scotland and the Isle of Man, whence his family originally derived.

That family was influential in Christian's day, and very prominent in the Lake Country. Strings could be pulled; the zeal of the family is attested by the defence of Christian published by his brother Edward; Wordsworth, who was connected by marriage, may, Mr. Wilkinson suggests, have been the go-between who procured, for Edward Christian, testimonials to his brother's merits from members of the *Bounty's* crew: "Wordsworth, down from Cambridge without a career, was the obvious choice for the task of finding the witnesses and bringing them to Edward and his friends, and later developments would account for the absence of any correspondence of Wordsworth's which would reveal his connection with the affair, and for the scarcity of knowledge concerning his

movements during much of this period, which ends early in 1794 when he is to be found at the home of Heywood's family." The notion of the grave Wordsworth taking evidence from rugged tars on licensed premises is diverting. But it is suggested that his activities went beyond this, and that the reason why there is no record of the first meeting of Wordsworth and Coleridge may be that "they met in the neighbourhood of Nether Stowey or Bristol when Wordsworth was about some business connected with Christian which demanded secrecy. . . . That Wordsworth's business was connected with Fletcher Christian is indicated by the fact that the Rector of Nether Stowey was Dr. Fisher, intimate friend of the Law family [Fletcher's cousins], and a witness to Edward Christian's defence of his brother." Wordsworth's movements about that time are very hazy, and a mis-statement he made about a date *may have been intentional*. At any rate, the argument is that Christian was the Ancient Mariner and that the Hermit Good who lived in the wood was Wordsworth.

Assuming it all to be true—a large assumption—we shall certainly have to reconstruct our ideas about the early life of "the Sage of Rydal," though it is difficult to conceive of him, even if deep in the toils of conspiracy, as anything but an Innocent Abroad. Perhaps a mutiny was simply a mutiny to him and it was nothing more: it may be observed that had Bligh's party died and disappeared (as well they might have) we should think of Christian not merely as a bold character but as a murderer—and of something more than albatrosses. As for Christian's appearance in the poem (and Professor Lowes shows how deeply Coleridge was read in voyages and travels)—are we to regard it as a cunning red herring, that transformation of the young and lusty Christian into a haggard old man with a long, white beard? Did the poets keep up their connection with the mutineer? Are there no later legends about Christian? If he didn't die on Pitcairn, when and where did he die?

Mr. Wilkinson hints at secrets still locked in the bosom of the Christian-Curwen family. What can they be; and why should they remain locked? Surely, after all this lapse of time, nothing can be revealed about Christian which would render him more of a discredit to his kin than he is—which, in any event, is little enough, since most of us might find criminals in our family trees were we to go back all that time.



THE VICARAGE AT BRIGHAM, THE PARISH FOR MOORLAND CLOSE, WHERE WORDSWORTH'S SON JOHN SETTLED WITH HIS WIFE, ISABELLA CURWEN, THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF ISABELLA CHRISTIAN.

Illustrations from the book "The Wake of the Bounty"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Cassell.

The men of our time who would have been best equipped to examine and, perhaps, refute or supplement his theories would have been two American Professors. One was Professor C. G. Harper, of Princeton, who wrote, over thirty years ago, the standard "Life" of Wordsworth, and first divulged this young dreamer's frustrated paternity of a child in France; the other was the late Professor J. Livingstone Lowes, of Harvard, whose friendship I am proud to remember, and who produced, in "The Road to Xanadu," an ample, erudite and exquisitely written examination of Coleridge's literary sources. Lowes, Mr. Wilkinson thinks, skirted near Mr. Wilkinson's own solution. "Christian's outburst, as reported by Bligh, at the time of leaving the ship, 'That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing. I am in hell—I am in hell,' struck Mr. Lowes, and he saw in it the origin of the Mariner's sense of guilt and remorse. But something else about the story he had read evidently lingered in Mr. Lowes' mind, for, when he points out, in another part of his book that the course of the Ship in the poem is as accurately recorded as if it were a real voyage, he likens it to one 'by Cook or Bligh.'"



THE FOOTPRINT IN THE GUTTER OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE AT MOORLAND CLOSE DESCRIBED BY WILLIAM FLETCHER AS MADE BY FLETCHER CHRISTIAN.

However, Mr. Wilkinson will almost certainly set a pack of beagles after his hare; and if they come at last, not to the form of a hare, but to the nest of a mare, no harm will be done and some very novel and attractive country may be explored during the chase. A pity Sherlock Holmes can't get to work!

A large part of the book is occupied by an excellent retelling of the Mutiny story. Mr. Wilkinson is a man of strong predilections and aversions. He holds that only "academics" can prefer Bligh to Christian. That is as may be—but why should he be so hostile to Sir Joseph Banks, one of the noblest, most public-spirited and most useful citizens this country has ever had?

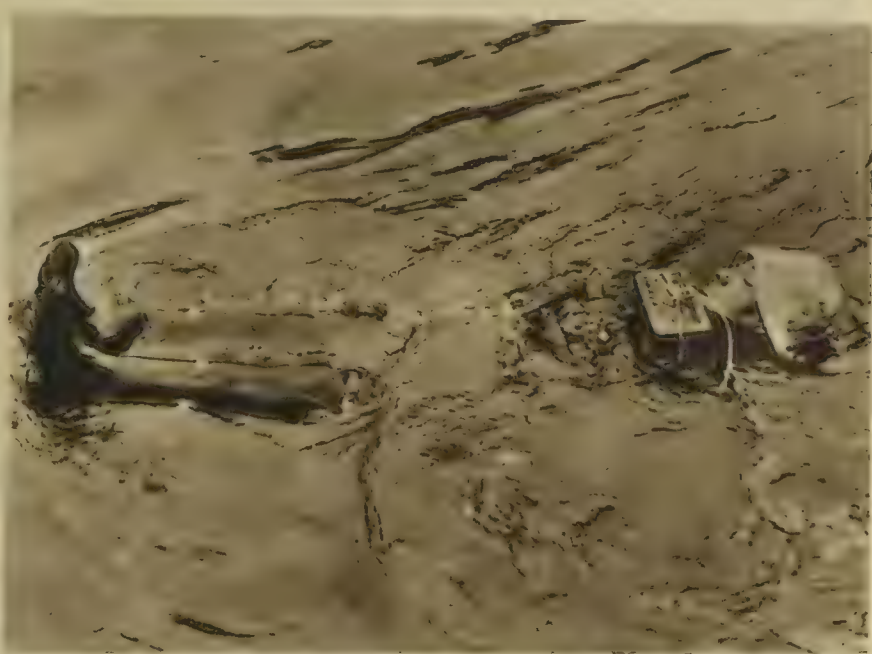
* "The Wake of the Bounty." By C. S. Wilkinson. Illustrated. (Cassell; 21s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 754 of this issue.

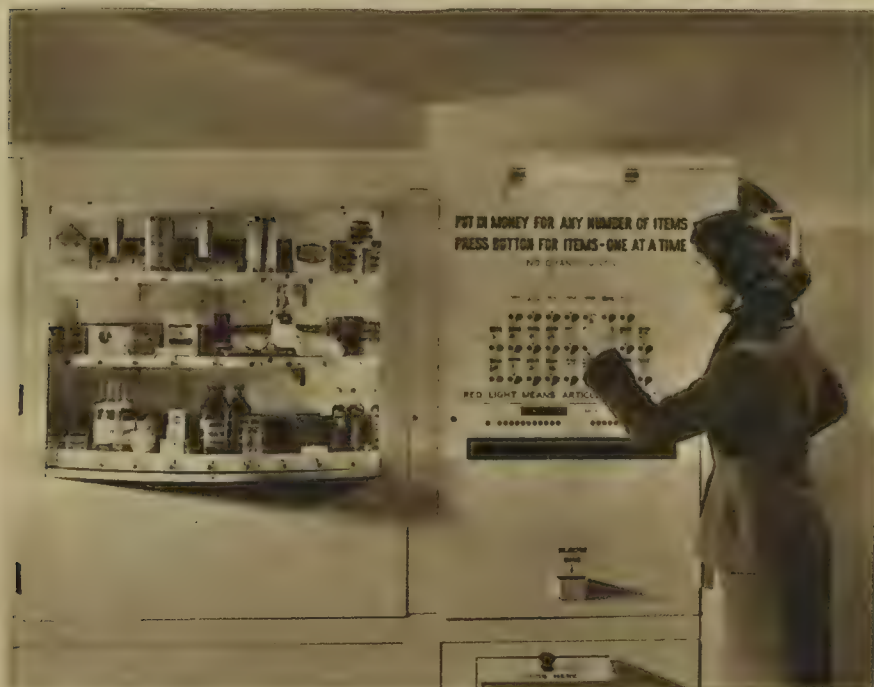
ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC AS WELL AS TO BUYERS: EXHIBITS AT THE B.I.F.



DEMONSTRATING AN UNSINKABLE SWIMSUIT: A GIRL JUMPING INTO THE WATER WITH HER HANDS AND FEET TIED—SHE FLOATED IN SAFETY.



FLOATING WITH THE AID OF BUOYANT PADS: A MAN DRESSED IN DEEP-SEA FISHERMAN'S CLOTHING AND WITH A BRICK ON HIS CHEST.



A COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SHOP DEMONSTRATED AT THE B.I.F.: THE "ELMER," SHOWING THE DISPLAY WINDOW, PUSH BUTTONS AND GOODS DELIVERY DOOR.



A PICNIC BASKET WHICH UNFOLDS INTO A TABLE: THE "SERVAPIC," WHICH CAN ALSO BE USED AS A BED TABLE OR AS A TRAY.



A "PACKAGED HOME" TO SUIT ALL CLIMATIC CONDITIONS: AN ATTRACTIVE, COMPACT, TWO-BEDROOM "K-D" HOUSE, WITH A LABOUR-SAVING KITCHEN. IT IS DESIGNED TO PROVIDE GENEROUSLY-SIZED ROOMS AND A LARGE WINDOW AREA.

For the first time since the war the British Industries Fair, held in Birmingham and London from April 27 to May 8, was open to the public every afternoon. On this page we illustrate some of the many exhibits which interested both buyers and the public at Earls Court and Olympia. At one stand there were examples of the "Marksway" unsinkable swimwear—bathing wear incorporating a thin padding of buoyant material which provides such a powerful lift that the wearer floats in the water. It is claimed that this unsinkable swimwear will support



DESIGNED TO STAY WITH YOU AS YOU CLEAN: THE "FILLERY" VACUUM CLEANER, DEMONSTRATED AT THE B.I.F., WHICH FOLLOWS THE HOUSEWIFE UPSTAIRS. IT HAS A SPECIAL DE-MOthing ATTACHMENT.

a fisherman in rubber boots and heavy clothes, or a man who has lost the use of arms or legs from accident or ill-health. Other exhibits at the B.I.F. included a completely automatic "electric merchant," similar to those now being installed at some main-line stations, which offers a shopping service at all hours of the day and night. The customer chooses the goods he wants, inserts the necessary money (in any combination of coins) and then presses the appropriate button. The machine can handle twenty-five different kinds of goods.

THE INAUGURATION OF KING HUSSEIN AS RULER OF JORDAN, STATUES ANCIENT AND MODERN, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



(LEFT.)
ENTHRONED IN AMMAN
AS RULER OF JORDAN:
KING HUSSEIN RECEIVING
THE TEXT OF THE CON-
STITUTIONAL OATH.
On May 2 King Hussein of
Jordan came of age and took
the oath in Parliament as the
first step in his inauguration
as King of Jordan. Our
photograph shows the young
King in Parliament House
receiving the text of the
Constitutional Oath from the
President of the Jordan
Senate. On the right are
Cabinet Ministers and on the
left are members of the Royal
family. (Picture by radio.)



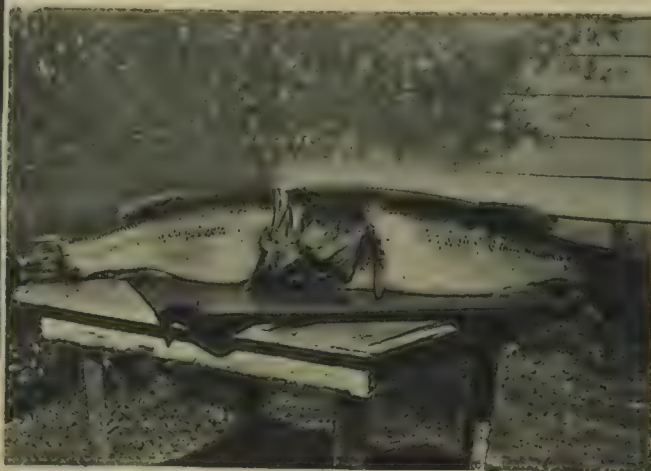
(RIGHT.)
ACKNOWLEDGING THE
SALUTE OF THE GUARD
OF HONOUR AFTER THE
OATH-TAKING CEREMONY:
KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN
(CENTRE) WEARING ARMY
UNIFORM.



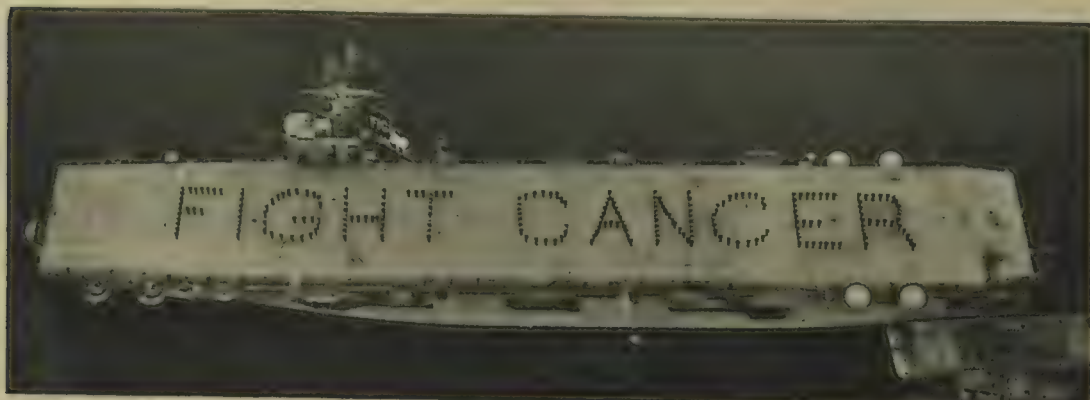
A STATUE COMMISSIONED BY A NIGERIAN
CITY, BENIN: "EMOTAN, THE MARKET
WOMAN"—A BENI WOMAN OF THE 15TH
CENTURY, REVERED TO THIS DAY FOR HER
CHARITABLE WORK AND LOVE OF CHILDREN.
THE SCULPTOR, MR. JOHN STANFORD, IS
HERE WORKING ON THE PLASTER. IT WILL
LATER BE CAST IN BRONZE.



AN INGENUOUS SMUGGLING DEVICE DISCOVERED IN MILAN: (LEFT) AN APPARENT STACK OF CARDBOARD, WHICH, HOWEVER, (RIGHT) OPENS AS A BOX IN WHICH CIGARETTES WERE BEING SMUGGLED FROM SWITZERLAND INTO ITALY.



HARD TO SWALLOW: TWO BASS AS FOUND FLOATING IN MARION
CITY LAKE, ILLINOIS, BY A BAPTIST MINISTER—THE LARGER
WEIGHING 4 LB. 14 OZS., THE OTHER 3 LB. 9 OZS.



A CALL TO MOBILISE FOR THE HUMANITARIAN WAR AGAINST A TERRIBLE DISEASE: THE CREW OF THE U.S.
CARRIER CORREGIDOR LINED UP IN THE LIVING SLOGAN "FIGHT CANCER," AS THE CRAFT ARRIVES IN NEW YORK
FROM EUROPEAN WATERS. SHE IS NOW SERVING WITH THE MILITARY SEA TRANSPORT SERVICE, ATLANTIC AREA



RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A SEATED
BODHISATTVA OF THE SUNG PERIOD, NOW ON VIEW.

The British Museum has been presented with a large and important Chinese Buddhist bronze statue of a seated Bodhisattva of the Sung period, 55 ins. tall; and it is on view in the King Edward VII. Gallery. It dates from the late eleventh or early twelfth century A.D., and is the only thing of its kind in any European collection. The only other large-scale Sung bronze statue known is the tenth-century Buddha—44½ ft. high—at Chéng-t'ing Fu in Chihli province. The remote and peaceful expression of the face is highly impressive.

KING FAISAL II. OF IRAQ ENTHRONED: CEREMONIAL AND INFORMAL SCENES.



IN THE RECEPTION TENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, WHO REPRESENTED H.M. THE QUEEN; H.R.H. AMIR SAUD IBN ABDUL AZIZ AL SAUD AND H.I.H. PRINCE MAKONNEN, DUKE OF HARAR (L. TO R., SEATED).



THE RECEPTION OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS: KING FAISAL (LEFT), THE FORMER REGENT, ABDUL ILLAH (SHAKING HANDS), AND (RIGHT, FOREGROUND) H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



AN INFORMAL REUNION OF OLD HARROVIANS: KING FAISAL II. SHOWING ONE OF HIS SPORTING GUNS TO A PARTY OF HIS FORMER SCHOOLFELLOWS.

King Faisal II. of Iraq, who is just eighteen years of age, the son of the late King Ghazi, second King of Iraq, and grandson of King Faisal I. (younger brother of the late King Abdullah of Jordan), was enthroned on Saturday, May 2, at his capital of Baghdad. The ceremonies included a military parade, which took two-and-three-quarter hours to pass the saluting-base. The young King, who was educated at the famous English school, Harrow, wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, and took the oath in a firm, clear voice, afterwards making a short speech in which he spoke with affection and emotion of the former Regent, Emir Abdul Illah, and of the late Queen Aliyah, his mother. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who



STANDING IN FRONT OF A PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER, THE LATE QUEEN ALIYAH, TO WHOM HE PAID A MOVING TRIBUTE IN HIS SPEECH AFTER TAKING THE OATH: H.M. KING FAISAL II. OF IRAQ.



"WITH GOD'S WILL . . . I SHALL BE A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCH AND SAFEGUARD DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES": KING FAISAL TAKING THE OATH. EMIR ABDUL ILLAH, THE FORMER REGENT, IS STANDING ON THE LEFT.



LAYING A WREATH IN THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, WHICH HE VISITED AFTER HE HAD TAKEN THE OATH: KING FAISAL II. WITH (BEHIND) THE EMIR ABDUL ILLAH.

arrived by air on May 30, represented H.M. the Queen, and there were delegations from thirty-three sovereign and other states. In addition to these official representatives, personal friends of the young King had been invited. Among these were a party of Old Harrovians, his former schoolfellows.

WRITING of the Duke of Alba, it may sound odd to head my article, "patron of historical writing," as if I did not recognise that he was himself a historian. He has, in fact, done fine work in the historian's field, notably on the Empress Eugénie and on her correspondence with Prosper Mérimée. The Empress was his kinswoman and he has always displayed family piety towards the great figures of his line. I might say, of his two most famous lines, because he is not only 17th Duke of Alba, but also 10th Duke of Berwick, and his name is Fitz-James Stuart. He has thus in his veins the blood of the Royal houses of England and Scotland. Sir Charles Petrie is now at work on an English life of Berwick, for which the Duke of Alba has put his papers at his disposal. A volume of Berwick's correspondence with his son was published not long ago. As I have been an Inniskillinger, not only in the regimental sense, but as coming from those parts myself, I have always taken a special interest in Berwick. When little more than a boy, fighting for his father James II. in Ireland, he was the only commander to beat the Inniskillings of those days. And as a seasoned man in the campaign in the Iberian Peninsula, he had the rare distinction, rare though Vendôme was equally successful in that part of the world, of defeating English troops in the War of the Spanish Succession. Villars, the greatest French soldier of the period, did not achieve as much, though for a few hours it looked as though he would in the defensive Battle of Malplaquet.

To an even greater extent the Duke of Alba has interested himself in the history of his famous ancestor, the "great duke," whose name is usually spelt "Alva" by British historians. Then there is the great Duke's uncle, the second Duke, less well known to us, but a skilled and successful soldier, Don Fadrique Alvarez de Toledo. With regard to him we have a typical instance of the present Duke of Alba's patronage of historical writing. This year he published the ancient work of Elio Antonio de Nebrija, "*Historia de la Guerra de Navarra*," with a critical preface on its historical value. The translation from the Latin was entrusted to a distinguished scholar, J. Lopez de Toro, and the Latin and Spanish texts are printed on facing pages. To speak personally, I find this a useful arrangement. I am not a good Spanish scholar and no great Latinist, but by shifting my eyes continually from text to text I can make out the meaning much more quickly than if it were only in one language or the other.

In a far greater work of historical patronage the Duke of Alba has cooperated with a group of other members of the Spanish nobility in the publication of a mass of hitherto unpublished documents concerned with the history of Spain: "*Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España*" (Madrid: Imprenta Gongora, S.L.). The eighth volume of this series, published last year, is the second of the "*Tratados Internacionales de los Reyes Catolicos*." The foreign policy of the Catholic Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, is of the highest interest. It is indeed to be doubted whether any period of Spanish history is of greater importance, and the only reign which can rival it is that of Philip II. In the present volume, opening with the year 1493, are collected treaties and other documents which belong to world history as well as to Spanish. Those connected with our own country are to be found in Rymer's "*Foedera*," but had apparently not been published in Spain.

For example, there is the series of agreements between the crowns of Spain and Portugal for the notorious partition of the "Ocean Sea," the Americas, and zones of influence and trading rights in Africa. There are the correspondence and the treaty forming the Holy League between the Pope, the Emperor Maximilian, and the Catholic Sovereigns. There are the correspondence about, the confirmation, and the ratification of the marriage treaty between Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII., and the Infanta Catherine—Catherine of Aragon of unhappy memory. There is the peace treaty of 1498 between Louis XII. of France and Ferdinand and Isabella, and that of 1502 relating to Naples. Here again the editor, and translator where there is need of one, is J. Lopez de Toro, who has to call upon knowledge of old Portuguese as well as Latin for his task. This is but one volume among the eight so far published. The completed work will be invaluable to Spanish scholars, and, indeed, also to British historians with a working knowledge of Spanish.

On the great Duke his descendant published in 1945 the volume "*Vida y Hazanas de Don Fernando*

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PATRON OF HISTORICAL WRITING.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Alvarez de Toledo, Duque de Alba." This is a notable seventeenth-century biography by P. Antonio Ossorio, S. J. The Jesuit Father wrote in Latin, and the translation into Spanish is once more the work of José Lopez de Toro. I have found this work most useful in studying the warfare of the period and in particular that of the earlier half of the reign of Elizabeth I. The great Duke is warmly defended against the accusations of excessive severity and even savagery which have been brought against him. Those of Motley are the most famous, but they would not in themselves be particularly damaging to-day, because his strong bias is now generally recognised. It must be acknowledged, however, that they have been echoed, though less stridently, by a number of historians since. I shall come back to these charges after dealing with the last work which I have to mention,

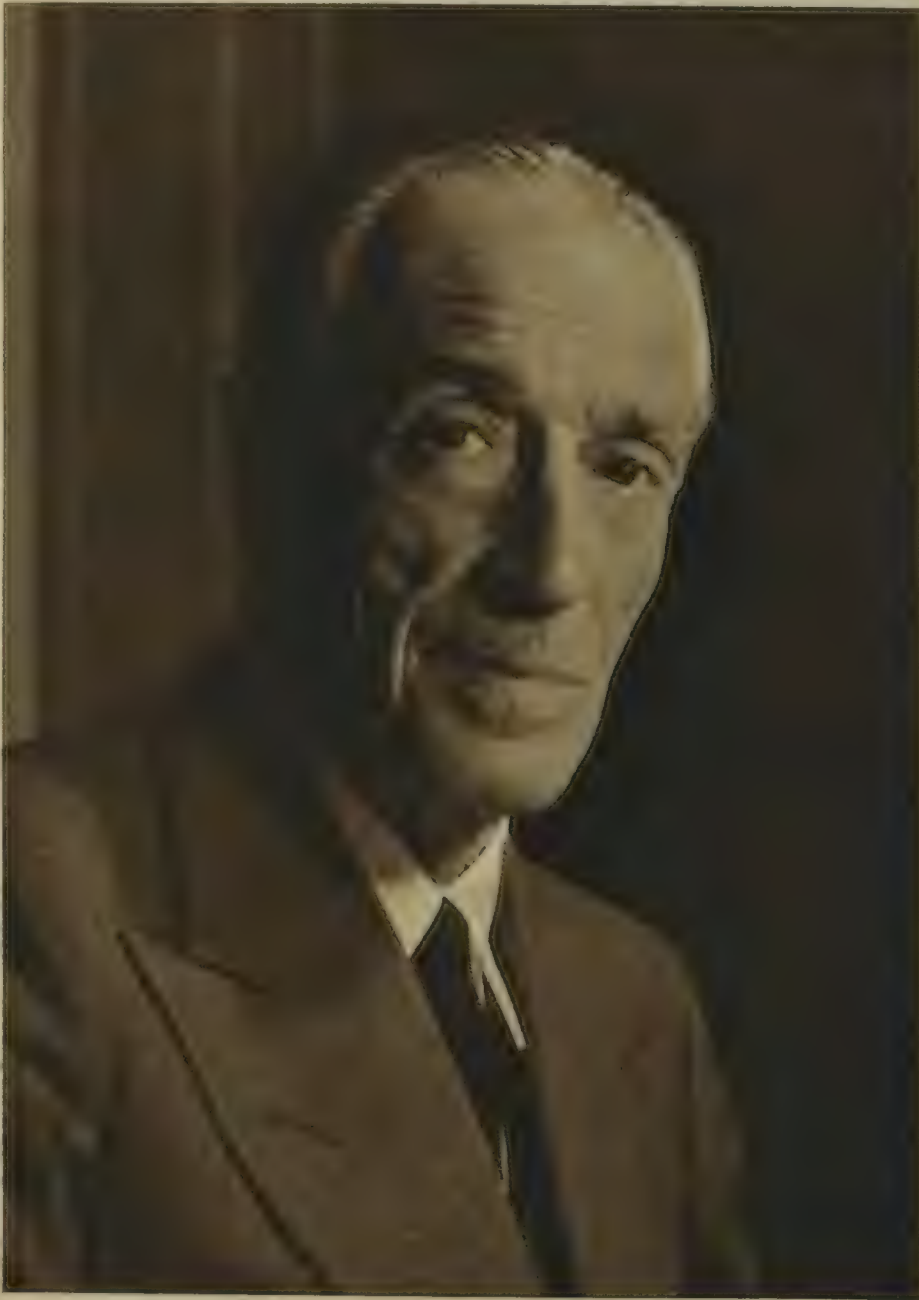
the historians of the last century. Setting aside for the moment his personal character, he has usually been treated as a soldier and little else besides. He was, in fact, a man of considerable culture. He was not a brilliant Renaissance figure, like Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma—who was as much Italian as Spaniard—but he was by no means a rough trooper. He was certainly bleak, though he possessed a certain sense of humour, dry as Tio Pepe. His fidelity to his sovereigns, the Emperor Charles V. and King Philip II., the latter of whom treated him none too well, governed all his actions. It formed a code from which there could be no departure. It did not occur to him to question an order even when he did not agree with it. This may be considered a limitation, but not a dishonourable one. As a soldier he was of a high order. He often displayed the caution which was common

among the greatest Spanish commanders, one foreign to their nature, but imposed upon them by the stretching of Spain's resources, but could act very quickly when he saw a clear opportunity. Few soldiers have in their record a victory such as that of Gemmingen, where a Dutch army and its mercenaries were annihilated at a cost to be numbered in tens.

The Duke of Alba defends his ancestor against the charges of injustice and brutality which I mentioned earlier. I have not the space in which to deal with the arguments about the particular actions of the great Duke. On the general side it must be recognised that war was then waged with great savagery. When seamen and soldiers of the Armada landed in Ireland, often sick and always weak from their privations, Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam and his lieutenant Bingham in Connaught killed every man they could lay hands upon. Bingham spared a few Dutch boys who said they had been pressed, but as soon as Fitzwilliam heard of this he directed that they also should be executed. Not a man who fell into English hands was spared but for a handful for whom ransom was to be expected. The treatment of prisoners of war in the late struggle was in many cases atrocious, but at least the principles to which belligerent nations were expected to conform was higher in the Second World War than in the wars of Charles V., Philip II. and our Queen Elizabeth I.

It should also be realised that in the area which became the Spanish Netherlands after Holland had attained independence, the area which is approximately that of modern Belgium, the Spaniards, considering that they were alien rulers, did not leave a hateful tradition. There is none of the bitterness of Motley to be found in the modern Belgian historians of the school of Pirenne. The standard life of Parma, which is eulogistic, is the work of a Fleming, Van der Essen. His son is engaged upon the life of the Cardinal Infant. My only quarrel with him is that he does not move fast enough and that I have been awaiting the second volume for eight years. Yet, when all is said and done, some of the evidence of the great Duke's severity comes from his own side. When Parma was secretly discussing the prospects of peace with Elizabeth, he remarked to her agent that his own policy and that previously maintained by the Duke of Alba were the opposite. He, for his part, intended to get all the King wanted by persuasion and leniency. This shows that to contemporary eyes and even those of a later Governor of the Low Countries, Alba appeared notably severe.

I have given the number of the publications of the Casa de Alba, though I have not mentioned the majority of them. I trust it will be agreed that this is the record of a man who is a scholar in his very bones, and a devoted lover of history. The Duke has done many other things in his life. He has been a Cabinet Minister and an Ambassador. He has travelled far and wide. He has indulged in many kinds of sport, from following hounds in the English shires to skiing in Switzerland. Had he been born to a humbler position he would doubtless have written more himself, but I doubt whether he could in any case have rendered greater service to the cause of history. He is himself a good writer and editor, but he is, above all, what I have called him, a "patron of historical writing." I do not know of such another to-day.



A DISTINGUISHED DESCENDANT OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART THROUGH THE DUKE OF BERWICK, MARSHAL OF FRANCE (1670-1734): THE SEVENTEENTH DUKE OF ALBA AND TENTH DUKE OF BERWICK.

On this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses the literary achievements of a distinguished descendant of James II. and Arabella Churchill (and through her a relative of Sir Winston Churchill, K.G.), "a man who is a scholar in his very bones and a devoted lover of history." "The Duke," he writes, "... has been a Cabinet Minister and an Ambassador. ... Had he been born to a humbler position he would doubtless have written more himself, but I doubt whether he could in any case have rendered greater service to the cause of history." Born in 1878, the Duke of Alba and Berwick was educated at Beaumont. He is a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, Director of the Royal Academy of History, a member of the Patronato del Museo del Prado, an Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford and Trinity College, Dublin, and a Corresponding member of the British Academy. He was Minister of Education, Spain, 1930; Foreign Minister, 1930-31, and Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, 1939-45. He is also well known as a sportsman. [Portrait study by Baron.]

a magnificent achievement published last year, the "*Epistolario del III Duque de Alba*" ("Correspondence of the 3rd Duke of Alba").

It consists of three big quartos, well printed on fine paper, with portraits from the present Duke's collection, covering respectively the years 1536-67, 1568-71, and 1572-81. I may add that it includes a list of all the publications of the Casa de Alba, numbering forty-five. The chief source is the archives of the Duke of Alba, but those of Vienna, Innsbruck, the Vatican, Paris, the British Museum, Hatfield House, and in Spain the National Library of Madrid and the famous collection of Simancas are also drawn upon. The labour of collecting and editing was heavy. In 1936, when it was well advanced, the Palace of Liria was burnt by the Republicans, and though the original letters fortunately escaped destruction, much material connected with them was lost.



THE UNVEILING OF THE EXTENSION OF THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: A GENERAL VIEW DURING THE CEREMONY.
On April 29 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Portsmouth and, after attending a service of thanksgiving in Portsmouth Cathedral for its preservation during the war, unveiled the extension to the Portsmouth naval war memorial. The extension takes the form of a sunken garden on the landward side of the obelisk commemorating the dead of World War I., and this has a screen wall bearing on bronze panels the names of 14,787 officers and ratings, including the names of 75 men from Newfoundland, of the Portsmouth Division who gave their lives in World War. II and have no other grave but the sea.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF "HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS" AS PRIME MINISTER.
On April 30 Sir Winston Churchill, for the first time as Prime Minister, was the principal guest at the Royal Academy banquet at Burlington House. He wore, for the first time in public, the Star and blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter recently conferred on him by H.M. the Queen at Windsor, and before entering Burlington House inspected the guard of honour mounted by the 21st Special Air Service (Artists), T.A. In replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," proposed by Sir Gerald Kelly, Sir Winston revealed that he had visited the Tate Gallery and had looked particularly at the "Unknown Political Prisoner."

THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL, 1939-45, UNVEILED; AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

TRADITIONALLY BRITISH: CEREMONIAL, SPORT AND ATHLETICS.



THE AUSTRALIANS' FIRST MATCH OF THEIR TOUR IN THIS COUNTRY: THE TEAM WHICH PLAYED AGAINST WORCESTER IN THE DRAWN MATCH OF APRIL 29-30. Our group shows the team for the traditional opening fixture against Worcester, the twelfth man and manager. Back row (l. to r.), J. C. Hill, G. B. Hole, R. Beanaud, the manager, K. R. Miller, R. Archer, G. Langley, and C. C. McDonald; and, in front, I. Craig, A. Morris, L. Hassett, R. Lindwall and J. De Courcy.



BEATING THE BRITISH ALL-COMERS' RECORD OF 1937: R. G. BANNISTER, WHO COVERED THE MILE IN THE REMARKABLE TIME OF 4 MINS. 3.6 SECS. AT IFFLEY ROAD ON MAY 2. R. G. Bannister (A.A.A.) beat the British All-Comers' record set up by Wooderson at Motspur Park in 1937 by covering the mile in the remarkable time of 4 mins. 3.6 secs. in the match at Iffley Park on May 2 between the A.A.A. and Oxford University.



RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM LORD TEMPLEWOOD: MISS D. HART (U.S.), WINNER OF THE HARD COURTS SINGLES, BOURNEMOUTH, WITH THE RUNNER-UP, MISS FRY. The National Hard Courts Championships at Bournemouth finished on May 2. Miss D. Hart created a record by winning the Women's Singles for the third year in succession, beating Miss S. Fry in the final. E. Morea (Argentina), winner of the Men's Singles title, beat F. Ampon (Philippines) in the final.



RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM LORD TEMPLEWOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION: ENRIQUE MOREA (ARGENTINE), WHO DEFEATED F. AMPON IN THE FINAL.



DETAIL OF THE OFF-SIDE PANELS OF THE SPEAKER'S COACH, THE OLDEST ROYAL COACH TAKING PART IN THE CORONATION, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETELY RENOVATED.

The Speaker's Coach, which bears the Speaker of the House of Commons on Coronation Day, is the oldest Royal coach taking part in the Coronation processions. As described in an article in our Coronation Record Number, its early history is obscure, but it seems quite clear that it was built in the last days of William III., or the first of Anne. The paintings on the panels are ascribed to Sir James Thornhill by some authorities and to Cipriani by others. A powerful pair of greys has been lent to draw the coach. It is emblazoned with the arms of the Speaker. Mr. Morrison had not a coat-of-arms, but applied to the College of Arms for a grant; and one has been provided.



REHEARSING FOR CORONATION DAY: THE SPEAKER'S COACH, DRAWN BY TWO POWERFUL GREYS LENT FOR THE GREAT OCCASION.

THE QUEEN AS A MOTHER: HER MAJESTY WITH HER TWO CHILDREN.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL-PHOTOGRAPHER.



PRINCESS ANNE.



PRINCESS ANNE.



PRINCESS ANNE.



THE QUEEN, PRINCESS ANNE
AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.



THE QUEEN AND HER CORGI, SUSAN.



THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESS ANNE AND THE
DUKE OF CORNWALL, AND THE CORGI SUSAN.

from 9.15 to 10 a.m. and, whenever possible, spend the time between "after tea and bed-time" with them, for her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh—like every other young couple the world over—love to play with their little boy and girl, read to them, and teach them nursery rhymes

THE Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, now four-and-a-half, and two years and nine months old respectively, are always with their parents

and so forth. The photographs by Studio Lisa on this page were taken at Balmoral, and are from "The Queen and Her Children" (John Murray; 5s.), by Lisa Sheridan, published by authority of her Majesty. The corgi shown with the Queen was formerly known as "Sue," but is referred to as Susan since she became the mother of Sugar and Honey. The acrobatic exploits of the Duke of Cornwall in climbing the wire trellis were emulated by Princess Anne.

THE FUNERAL EFFIGY OF ELIZABETH, HENRY VII.'S BEAUTIFUL QUEEN CONSORT.

By R. P. HOWGRAVE-GRAHAM, F.S.A., M.I.E.E.

Asst. Keeper of the Muniments, Westminster Abbey.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS dealt so fully with many facts and details relating to the earlier Royal funeral effigies in the issue of February 7, that it seems best here to describe the ritual splendour and solemnity of a Royal mediæval funeral, especially as we have wonderful documents relating to the very Queen whose effigy is shown opposite by the splendid colour photography of



RANGED UP IN THE HENRY V. CHANTRY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A DRAWING OF THE ROYAL EFFIGIES MADE BY JOHN CARTER (1748-1817) IN 1786.

"In 1786 Carter, the famous artist, who was most accurate in every way, made the beautiful drawing here reproduced, which shows them [the Royal effigies] ranged up in the Henry V. Chantry and records that he drew them on the spot; yet in Smith's book on Nollekens the sculptor, a passage suggests that they were brought down from some place for Carter to draw."

Mr. F. R. Kersting. The robes, wig and crown (not illustrated) were provided by the American magazine *Life* and made with full regard to accuracy.

We know that Elizabeth of York, Queen Consort of Henry VII., was tall and had golden hair, possibly of reddish tinge, and that by Royal prerogative for queens, it could flow down over her shoulders. (See later reference.)

Fascinating money accounts remain—both for her effigy and for the lying-in-state, first in the Tower and then in the Abbey. We have, too, a glowing eye-witness description of the procession from Tower to Abbey, and lastly, the only statement indicating to us the disposal of the earlier effigies after the funerals.

This Elizabeth died in 1503, aged thirty-eight, when mediæval tradition and ritual were in full being, and long before the gradual degradation which, while giving us the wonderful series of wax effigies, culminated in something little better than showmanship. The record that her effigy was stored in a secret place near the Saint's shrine points to the Chantry Chapel above the tomb of Henry V., but this leaves us wondering where those of Henry himself and his predecessors were kept before the chantry was finished.

There are puzzling conflicts of evidence as to later times, for it is recorded that in 1683 they were in a press in the upper Chapel of Abbot Islip and they were there in 1907. In 1786 Carter, the famous artist, who was most accurate in every way, made the beautiful drawing here reproduced, which shows them ranged up in the Henry V. Chantry, and records that he drew them on the spot; yet in Smith's book on Nollekens the sculptor, a passage suggests that they were brought down from some place for Carter to draw. It seems improbable that two awkward stairways were negotiated, though the effigies could have been hoisted over the two ledges. The delightful drawing of 1872 shows them abominably stacked in their old home, to the mild but scarcely intelligent anxiety of the old gentleman behind. Passing over the well-known subsequent adventures of "The Ragged Regiment," we may examine the fascinating connection, between Elizabeth of York's effigy as we have it, and the charges for it in the Lord Chamberlain's Records.

At the head of the accounts is "For the piktur," a word often used in describing these effigies. The first item is for two "waynscotts" called Regall 2/4. The third is "Item for 2 peces of peretre tymbre price 8d." These small pieces were for the hands, one of which remains and has been checked as being of pearwood. Two joiners for half a day and a whole night were employed "for joyning of the waynscot togedr." They had 4d. the half-day and 8d. the "hole night"—a clear proof of urgency. Even nails and glue appear among the smaller items, and the seven "small shepeskynnes for the body 2/4" were the thin leather which formerly held the hay stuffing. The hire of the hair cost 5s.

In addition to nine yards of crimson satin and a yard-and-a-quarter of "black velvet to bordure the same garment, price the yard 10/-" there was an under-garment covering back, breast and arms down to wrist. This was secured by closely placed "laten" or brass nails, now much corroded, and seemed to be an unpleasant leathery material until I washed it. Though stiff and grey with the indurated dirt of four-and-a-half centuries in London air, very gentle washing revealed it as most exquisite satin of old-gold colour. Doubts as to the early date of this lovely stuff have been finally resolved as follows:

There is an item of 4d. for laying of the first "pryme colour"—a rough coating of paint easily seen on the breast below the row of nails. Above them is the beautiful natural colouring of neck, face and ears, for which twelve times as much was paid "to master Henry for painting of the image 4/-." Microscopic examination established the early date as Master Henry's final paint had gone over on to the edge of the fabric at more than one place.

The account for the hearse at the Tower of London is very long, each page after the first being headed: "Yet for the herse." This vast stationary erection to hold numberless wax candles had a frame costing 66s. 8d. There was buttress work, for these hearses were usually elaborate architectural structures. Wax was used in quantities, as much as 1000 lb. for the hundreds of candles and torches.

Charges are recorded for paint, including "gold, silver, bisse, russet, vermylon and v'gress [verdigris] and all other



BEFORE THE EXPERT RESTORATION AND REPAIR WAS CARRIED OUT: THE FUNERAL EFFIGY OF ELIZABETH OF YORK, QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY VII.

This photograph of the funeral effigy of Elizabeth of York before the recent expert restoration had been carried out shows how the boards of which it was built were separating. The back of the head was detached, and the arm, hinged at the elbow, is seen lying on the table. A colour photograph of the effigy as it is to-day is reproduced on our facing page. [Photograph by R. P. Howgrave-Graham.]

* The thick boards of which the effigy is built.

colers." Gold foil and "tynne foyle" were bought for decoration. Small items include "irons for the banners"; "Oyle"; "iron pynnes"; "packthrede"; "hasilwandes" and "thirty banner poles." The words "bothe heres" refers to those used for the two lyings-in-state in the Tower and the Abbey. The whole vast cost, without that of the effigy, was £368 7s. 10d., probably about £15,000 in terms of our pre-war values.

In the College of Heralds is a graphic description by an eye-witness of the procession from the Tower to the Abbey. From this we learn that after the services in St. John's Chapel, conducted by various bishops during several days "the corps was conveyed into the chayre [chariot] which was new pareled as foloeth."

"Furst all the baylles, sydes and coffres covered with black velvet & over all along of a prety depnes a cloth of black velvet with a crosse of cloth of sylver." The six horses also had black velvet; then "there was ordered a holly chest over yt [the corpse] whereon was a ymage or personage lyke a quene, clothed in the very robes of estate of the quene, having her very ryche crowne on her hed, her here about her shoulder, hir scepter in her right hand & her fyngers well garnished with ryngs of golde and precyous stones and on every end of the chayre on the cofres kneled a gentelman husher by all the way to Westminster." I found the ear-ring holes in the ears. The censing and removal of the coffin and effigy with the banners of Our Lady from the "chare" to the hearse in the Abbey is described, and we read of a prayer for her soul and a "dyрге."

On the morrow there were divers services, gifts of palls and the departure of the Ladyes, "after whose



SHOWING THE ROYAL EFFIGIES AS "A RAGGED REGIMENT" AT WHICH SIGHTSEERS ARE GAZING WITH MINGLED FEELINGS: A DRAWING OF 1872.

This drawing of 1872 shows a Victorian family gazing at the Royal effigies in the guise of a "Ragged Regiment" "abominably stacked in their old home," a press in the Upper Chapel of Abbot Islip, "to the mild but scarcely intelligent anxiety of the old gentleman behind."

departyng the Image with the crowne & the riche robes were had to a secret place by St. Edwards Shryne."

It has been strange and moving, with these scenes in mind, to "bring to life" the beautiful head carved by "Mr. Laurence with Fredrik his mate" and to note the one remaining exquisite, slender hand and its perfect finger-nails, thus recorded: "Item to Wechon Kerver and hans van hoof for kerving of the two hands 4/-." Interesting conjectures arise from the names of these foreign sculptors. All the solemn splendour conjured up by these documents fades into the mediæval world, or is seen dimly, as we stand among sightseers in the Conqueror's ancient Chapel at the Tower of London, or in the Abbey, now darkened by dirt.

Not a yard of the road from Tower to Abbey would be recognised by those who followed the "chayre" with its six horses. Yet here, in this ancient portrait-head, with its slightly boy-like charm, is the solid reality, carved from a death mask—the very "ymage and personage" of the charming, golden-haired queen, made to lie in Royal robes and regalia seen dimly through incense smoke by the light of countless candles ceaselessly renewed by the silent watchers, while churchmen chanted masses and nobles came and went.

The restoration of these effigies has led to remarkable discoveries; the cleaning of the Abbey will bring more, revealing hidden colours and clear, white stone when the Appeal Fund permits it; but, above all, the great Church must stand secure and the insidious decay, with all its dangers, must be checked and remedied. In giving we can pay a long-standing personal debt and can secure to future generations great spiritual riches.



THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF HENRY VII. AS SHE WAS IN LIFE: THE RESTORED FUNERAL EFFIGY OF ELIZABETH OF YORK, FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

History records that Elizabeth of York (1465-1503), daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, his Queen, was tall and beautiful. We can to-day see an effigy of this sweet Queen (famous for her golden hair and her gentle disposition, whose marriage to Henry VII. united the White Rose of York to the Red Rose of Lancaster) faithfully representing her as she was in life, since it was made for her funeral ceremonies. It will be recalled that in our issue of February 7 we published a number of photographs of the Westminster Abbey Royal effigies taken by Mr. Howgrave-Graham, Assistant Keeper of the Muniments, Westminster Abbey

Library, with a short account of the important discoveries recently made in connection with them during restoration, which indicate that they were made from death-masks, and are thus faithful portraits. The effigy of Elizabeth of York was in a bad state, the back of the head and the remaining arm (jointed at the elbow for easy dressing) were detached, and no trace of hair remained. It has now been expertly restored and re-dressed with historical accuracy, by means of financial aid from the American magazine "Life"; and presents the mother of Henry VIII. as she was at the time of her death, on her 38th birthday, February 11, 1503.



"ANNIHILATING ALL THAT'S MADE TO A GREEN THOUGHT IN A GREEN SHADE": ONE OF THOSE CHELSEA SHOW GARDENS IN WHICH THE LANDSCAPIST'S ART CONCEALS ITSELF IN SIMPLICITY.

This delightful and deceptively simple garden was built for last year's Chelsea Show by R. Wallace and Co., of Tunbridge Wells, and it was then awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Horticultural Society. Its particular skill lies in the fact that no costly alterations of ground formation were needed to convert a flat, featureless rectangle of land into a complete garden which provided suitable conditions for the cultivation of a wide range of beautiful shrubs and plants. The changes of level, though slight, were sufficient to provide a constantly changing scene. The design was kept to a

simple composition of rock, water, contoured lawns and carefully-selected planting. Squared reconstructed stone paving was chosen for the terrace and path to show how a contemporary and inexpensive material can be made to appear very attractive even in an informal setting. The planting was of three characters: first, structural—to give a sense of enclosure and to emphasize the ground formation; secondly, textural—to give variety of foliage effect; and finally, horticultural—to create interest with an extensive collection of unusual, interesting and attractive trees, shrubs and other plants.

From a colour photograph by W. Abbing.



AS MELTINGLY COLOURED AS THEY ARE SPICILY FRAGRANT: BRILLIANT MODERN FREESIAS.

This astonishing group of Freesias (grown by R. H. Bath Ltd., of Wisbech) shows the remarkable way these flowers have been developed of recent years so that they bear little resemblance to the once-popular *F. refracta alba*. The Bartley strain, first introduced by that eminent gardener, Mr. J. Dalrymple, was famed for its improved colour and delightful fragrance. From this nucleus stock there has emerged as a result of skilful hybridising, a bewildering range of colours: white, cream and yellow to rich orange; soft pink, cerise and salmon to deep magenta; blue and violet; with bronze and fiery red as the latest introductions. While the size of the individual flowers has been considerably increased, the strain still retains that strong, distinctive Freesia fragrance—like the smell of ripe peaches. For decorative arrangements Freesias are

the ideal flower, and the modern hybrids, strongly growing and with robust constitutions, have now a prominent place among cool greenhouse plants. Corms are available from July onwards, and should be planted six to eight, in a 5- or 6-in pot, with John Innes compost as the potting medium. The corms should be planted with the tops about an inch below the surface of the soil. Plunge the pots in a cold frame, water sparingly and shade until growth appears. Some support should be given, such as thin stakes. The best flowering results are obtained by giving the maximum amount of light and growing under cool conditions, the ideal temperature being 45° F. in winter, rising to 50° F. Providing frost is excluded, they will flower successfully in a cold greenhouse. They can also be easily raised from seed.

From a colour photograph by W. Abbing.



IN THE PICTURESQUE UNIFORM DATING FROM THE TIME OF EDWARD VI.: THE CHIEF YEOMAN WARDER AT THE TOWER OF LONDON, WITH THE CIPHER OF THE NEW REIGN ON HIS TUNIC.

The Yeomen Warders of the Tower of London are a body of thirty-nine men chosen from time-expired Warrant Officers of the Army and R.A.F. They have been the porters and guardians of the fortress from Norman times onwards, and they regard themselves as the oldest corps of men in the world still engaged on their original duties. The confusion between the Yeomen Warders and the Yeomen of the Guard—a corps created by Henry VII. after the Battle of Bosworth—is due to the fact that the former became incorporated with the Yeomen of the Guard and were given the same uniform. The only difference is that when in full dress the Yeomen of the Guard wear a cross-belt and the Yeomen Warders do not. The Yeomen Warders leave the Tower only on special State occasions. They have the

Crown Jewels in their keeping, and throughout the Coronation ceremony they will be responsible for the safe custody of the Regalia. The Chief Warder is the Governor's right-hand man, and on State occasions he carries, as a badge of office, a staff surmounted by a model of the White Tower in silver. The present Chief Yeoman Warder, A. H. Cook, D.C.M., M.M., B.E.M., can be seen carrying this staff in our photograph. The Yeomen Warders are widely known as "Beefeaters." The origin of this *sobriquet* is not known for certain; many people think that it arises from the fact that in past times the Yeomen Warders waited at table on Royalty and were known as "Buffetiers," while others think it is derived from the rations that were once served to them.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER—AND OTHER MATTERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



was like this. Early last autumn I dug up a stout, bushy specimen of rose "Mme. Cécile Brunner," which I had struck as a cutting two years before, and planted it firmly in a 9-inch flower-pot, with a good gobbit of compost (gardeners' relish) at the bottom, to keep the roots amused when they got down to it. I pruned

cottage garden. How heartily sick one becomes of a school—if you can call it a school—of flower arrangement of which one hears and reads, and which one meets on every hand. A school which falls lamentably between the clever and inimitable Mrs. Constance Spry and the equally inimitable Japanese manner.

The Japanese will arrange maple, plum, or cherry, branching outward and up, and slightly downward in the other direction, with a charm, simplicity and grace that almost puts Nature to shame. And our school of floral stylists? Overripe with theories on

"line" and "balance," they attempt the same sort of thing with daffodils, tulips, even fat roses. Too often the mannered "creations" that result suggest the work of some half-crazy and wholly sadistic milliner. If you are clever, you can do these things to ribbons and laces, and get away with it. If you are not clever, you can not do it to flowers—unless you do not mind their appearing to attitudinise as tortured grotesques. Great, formal, full-blooded, mixed vases in the manner of the Dutch masters at the head of this page are another matter. For me, in the long run, however, simplicity, with branch and flower and foliage allowed to supply and display their own "line" and "balance" and individual grace.

Pardon this perhaps rather acid diversion. I was going to discuss greenfly aphids. No sooner had my rose-bush in the greenhouse formed its first tender young buds than they became clothed with a rich mantle of greenfly. If I had been wise I would have resorted to the Borgia technique. But there were so few buds, at that time that I could not be bothered to go off and get D.D.T., or some such poison, and the necessary sprayer. Instead, I just took each slender stem between the first two fingers and thumb, and with an upward draw gently and squashily removed the brood till every one of them was literally liquidated. A messy business. I wished I still had a gadget that was in favour when I was a small boy. This resembled a very large pair of sugar-tongs, with small, square, soft brushes instead of the paws of a sugar-tongs.

With this you grasped each infested stem and bud between the brushes, and quickly and easily brushed them clean.

The astonishing thing was that within forty-eight hours of liquidating a whole brood of aphid on any rose bud, a fresh brood was already assembling. I am grateful to those aphides. They reminded me of the description of the rose aphid in that extremely entertaining book "A Tour Round My Garden," translated from the French of Alphonse Karr (1845). His description of the life of the rose aphid is so delightful that I can not resist quoting part of it. After describing several different species of aphid which inhabit different species of plant, he says: "All enjoy a life sufficiently calm. You scarcely ever see an insect of this kind who is vagabond enough to pass from one branch to another. They sometimes go so far as to make a tour of the branch they dwell upon; but everything leaves us to believe that this is only done in the effervescence of ill-regulated youth, or under the empire of some passion. These outbreaks are extremely rare. Some of these aphides, however, have wings; but these only come at a ripe age, and they do not abuse them. The only serious care that seems to occupy the life of the aphid is the changing

of its clothes. It changes its skin, in fact, four times before it becomes a perfect aphid; something like us men who try on two or three characters before we fix upon one—although in general we preserve three during our whole lives: one which we exhibit; one which we fancy we have; and another which we really have. When the aphides have finished changing their skins there only remains one duty to fulfil, which is to multiply their species. . . . The aphid produces its little ones whilst sucking its branch; and it never turns round to look at the offspring it has given birth to. . . ." And so on.

"A Tour Round My Garden" is a long book, packed with interest and delightful twists of slightly ironic humour. I like particularly the almost literal translation which preserves the typically French outlook and atmosphere. Very different from a translation of some of Guy de Maupassant's short stories which I read some time ago. A French peasant was made to say (I quote from memory): "Could I do with five bob—not 'arf I couldn't." At that point the volume went for salvage.

Two very attractive plants are flowering in my greenhouse near the rose "Cécile Brunner," and both are planted out in a 2-ft. border at the foot of the wall at the back of the house. *Moræa spathacea* is a South African species, closely related to Iris. The root is a rhizome. The narrow leaves, 2 or 3 ft. long, sprawl and loll upon the ground in all directions. The slender, wiry flower-stems are about 2½ ft. tall, and the blossoms, like Spanish iris but larger, more refined and elegant in build and outline, are pure, soft, rich gold. They are said to be fragrant, though somehow I have missed this attribute. It is a borderland species for hardiness, and is only safe in the open in favoured districts, but it is well worth house-, or frame-, room on account of its outstanding beauty.



"THE SLENDER, WIRY FLOWER-STEMS (OF *MORÆA SPATHACEA*) ARE ABOUT 2½ FT. TALL, AND THE BLOSSOMS, LIKE SPANISH IRIS BUT LARGER, MORE REFINED AND ELEGANT IN BUILD AND OUTLINE, ARE PURE, SOFT, RICH GOLD. THEY ARE SAID TO BE FRAGRANT."

the bush reasonably hard, and wintered it in a sunny lean-to, unheated greenhouse. In response to trapped sun-heat and to shelter from icy winds, it started into growth soon after the turn of the year and, developing rapidly, produced a few flowers early in April. Since then, a dozen or more have been picked, and now, in the last week of April, there are more than fifty buds coming on.

By the time these have said their piece, the normal rose season will have arrived, and "Cécile Brunner" will then spend her summer recuperating in the open air.

If I had to name my favourite rose—which heaven forbid—"Cécile Brunner" would almost certainly be my choice, with her long, perfectly-formed little shell-pink buds and half-open blossoms, her fragrance, and her tireless industry in flowering, and flowering, without a pause, from spring till autumn. At this moment I have three or four half-open "Cécile Brunners" in a small vase, with a single spray of the warm pink, dwarf almond *Amygdalus nanus*, and one head of *Hyacinthus orientalis*, which is like a delicate lavender-blue edition of the Roman hyacinth. This small vase of flowers has for me the charm of the completely straightforward simplicity of a country



ANOTHER SPECIES OF *MORÆA*—IN WHICH THE RESEMBLANCE TO IRIS IS MUCH LESS MARKED. *MORÆA PAVONIA* (OF WHICH THIS IS THE VARIETY *VILLOSA*) IS ORANGE-RED, WITH SPOTS OF BLUISH OR GREENISH BLACK AT THE BASE OF EACH OF THE "FALLS."

Photographs by R. A. Malby & Co.

The other plant is also from the Cape, *Gladiolus tristis*, and like the *Moræa* is on the borderland of hardiness. It has grassy, narrow leaves, and slender, wiry stems carrying a spike of most beautiful flowers of a delicious Jersey cream or butter-yellow, which are powerfully fragrant. I have this planted in a sunny, well-drained border just outside the greenhouse, as well as in the border inside, and those outside have survived the last two winters. Those grown outside have flower-stems about 18 ins. high, whilst those inside have run up to almost double that height.

ROMMEL'S CHIEF OF STAFF SEES A BRITISH ARMS DEMONSTRATION, AERIAL AND NAVAL NOVELTIES.



AMONG THE MILITARY MATERIAL SHOWN TO E.D.C. MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES: A CENTURION TANK WITH GUN STABILISER AND A PETROL TRAILER WHICH DOUBLES THE TANK'S CRUISING RANGE.



GENERAL SIR KENNETH CRAWFORD (RIGHT) IN FRONT OF A CENTURION TANK, SPEAKING TO E.D.C. REPRESENTATIVES. THESE ARE (L. TO R.) MAJOR MELCHERS (LUXEMBURG), MAJOR-GENERAL DESSAIN (BELGIUM), BRIGADIER-GENERAL FORNARA (ITALY), GENERAL DE LARMINAT (FRANCE), DR. (FORMERLY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL) SPEIDEL (GERMANY), AND LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CALMEYER (HOLLAND).

On May 1 new British Army weapons were demonstrated on the gunnery range of the Royal Armoured Corps centre at Bovington, Dorset, before more than 100 guests from nineteen countries. Among those present was Dr. (formerly Lieut.-General) Hans Speidel, the Bonn representative on the military committee of the six E.D.C. countries. His presence at the demonstration had been the subject of Socialist protests in the Commons on April 29—principally, it appeared, on the grounds that he had been Rommel's Chief of Staff. Many new weapons were demonstrated, notably the Centurion *III* tank and the single-wheeled petrol trailer, which carries 200 gallons of fuel and doubles the tank's petrol range. Both Dr. Speidel and General de Larminat spoke in high praise of the Centurion.



GENERAL SPEIDEL (LEFT), FORMERLY ROMMEL'S CHIEF OF STAFF, AND BONN REPRESENTATIVE AT THE BOVINGTON DEMONSTRATION OF BRITISH WEAPONS: DURING THE EXHIBITION OF A NEW TYPE OF GRENADE, HELD UP BY A DEMONSTRATOR.



AT THE BOVINGTON DEMONSTRATION: GENERAL PHILLIPS OF DR. SPEIDEL'S STAFF, EXAMINES THE NEW PATCHETT SUB-MACHINE CARBINE, NOW NAMED THE STARLING. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A RECENT TYPE OF HAND-GRENADE.



AMONG THE WEAPONS DEMONSTRATED AT BOVINGTON WAS A RECENT VARIETY OF LIGHT FLAME-THROWER, SHOWN HERE, WITH THE KNAPSACK FUEL CARRIER, AS IT IS CARRIED IN ACTION.



THE AUSTRALIAN-DESIGNED JINDIVIK MARK I PILOTLESS JET AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT AFTER ITS LAUNCHING AT THE WOOMERA ROCKET RANGE IN AUSTRALIA. (Photograph by Radio.) On May 2, at the Woomera Range, 230 miles west of Adelaide, South Australia, the *Jindivik* was launched in a successful test, after the pressing of a button by Mr. Menzies, the Australian Premier. It was controlled on its flight by radio from a *Meteor* jet fighter. An experimental rocket after the style of a German V-2 was also tested.



H.M.S. CONISTON, THE FIRST OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CLASS OF COASTAL MINESWEEPERS, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE NAVY, SEEN DURING TRIALS—THE FIRST RELEASED PHOTOGRAPH. The class to which *Coniston* belongs and of which *Alfriston* was launched on May 29, will eventually number forty-eight. Aluminium and other non-magnetic materials are used in their construction, and the outer bottom is wood planked. They are equipped with the most modern equipment, are powered by Diesel engines, and have a length of 152 ft. and a beam of 28 ft. 9 ins.

EVENTS ABROAD RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: NEWS ITEMS SURVEYED.



NOW BEING USED FOR STORING SURPLUS WHEAT: THE "MOTH-BALLED" FLEET OF LIBERTY SHIPS AT STONY POINT, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK. The U.S. Agriculture Department recently announced that since March 24 it has been storing surplus wheat aboard fifty "moth-balled" Liberty ships at Stony Point, on the Hudson River. This is being done because every available grain-elevator is filled to capacity. The wheat is to be sold abroad.



A TRADITIONAL LINK BETWEEN BRITAIN AND BERMUDA SEVERED: THE GOVERNOR, LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER HOOD, INSPECTING TROOPS ABOUT TO LEAVE. On April 26 the last British garrison troops in Bermuda embarked for England, thus severing another traditional link between Britain and the Colony, for the Royal Naval Dockyard was closed two years ago. The Governor of Bermuda, Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Hood, inspected the farewell parade of over 100 officers and men and in his address expressed the hope that one day their successors would return. For over 250 years the British Army has been associated with Britain's oldest self-governing Colony.



IN THE PATH OF A TORNADO: SOME OF THE BADLY-DAMAGED HOUSES AT WARNER ROBINS, GEORGIA, WHERE EIGHTEEN PERSONS WERE KILLED. Eighteen persons were killed and over 200 injured when two tornadoes struck the town of Warner Robins, Georgia, on April 30. A near-by air-base escaped damage, but in the town itself 200 houses were destroyed and 100 were partly damaged. It will be recalled that earlier in the month violent storms caused widespread damage in the United States, and parts of Alabama, Arkansas and Georgia were declared a disaster area. Eleven people were killed and hundreds injured.



A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD: THE LEAFLET CONTAINING THE U.N. OFFER FOR A MIG 15 JET FIGHTER DELIVERED IN FLYABLE CONDITION. The United Nations command had leaflets similar to this dropped over North Korea on April 27. The leaflets offer 100,000 dollars to the first Communist pilot to deliver a complete MIG 15 jet fighter in flyable condition to the U.N. forces in South Korea. At the left we show the front, signed by General Mark Clark and, on the right, the back overprinted with a MIG 15 and bearing a portrait of Lieutenant Jarewski, the Polish pilot who landed a MIG 15 on the Danish island of Bornholm.



A DISASTER IN WHICH FORTY-THREE PERSONS PERISHED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE B.O.A.C. COMET AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED NEAR CALCUTTA ON MAY 2. On May 2 a B.O.A.C. Comet airliner flying from Singapore to London crashed twenty miles from Calcutta, with the loss of forty-three persons, passengers and crew. The aircraft apparently crashed six minutes after taking off from Dum Dum airport, Calcutta. There was a storm raging at the time. Our photograph shows the tail portion of the fuselage, which was found some distance away from the other wreckage. [Photograph by radio.]



HOUSING GERMANY'S ONLY TELEVISION STUDIO: THE FORMER AIR-RAID SHELTER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HAMBURG WHICH HAS BEEN ADAPTED FOR USE. Regular television programmes were inaugurated in West Germany on Christmas Day last year, and were broadcast from Hamburg, Cologne and Berlin. The three stations transmitted separate programmes for two hours nightly until January 31, when they were linked in one service. Our photograph shows the Hamburg studio.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. IN PURSUIT OF FANTASY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

FOR a good many centuries men have gone on pilgrimage to Beverley to visit the magnificent Minster. From now on, it would appear from a newspaper report, tourists will have an additional and less serious reason for a visit, for Beverley Corporation, after the acquisition of a fine Georgian mansion, Lairgate Hall, in the 1920's, has now restored its Chinese drawing-room for use as a committee room, putting in an Adam mantelpiece and a suite of Chippendale chairs to do honour to the original wallpaper from which the room takes its name—hand-painted with birds and foliage on a dark-green ground. To me that seems a very proper use for whatever municipal funds are available after paying the more normal expenses of administration, though I suppose there are a good many people who would prefer to spend ten times as much in first destroying and then rebuilding in the newest fashion. If that seems a trifle barbarous to us we might as well remember that our ancestors had no such inhibitions, but pulled down as much as they built. They would feel flattered by our interest in their operations, but would, I

Queen Street, Soho, and when Mortlake finally closed, its cartoons were handed on there, and thus the name became attached to all subsequent work. There has been a renewed interest in the craft in France of recent years—you may have seen some magnificent designs by Lurcat—and it is possible that this generation may witness a very great advance, for this ancient technique provides marvellous opportunities for noble decoration. Some of us are looking forward with lively expectation to see how Mr. Graham Sutherland deals with the design for the great tapestry which is to hang at the east end of Coventry's new Cathedral.

devised, not a series of unconnected scenes like this, but a balanced picture.

The main design of this Soho piece has a black ground, the borders a pale blue. The personages are busy with various pastimes, fishing, snake-catching, boating, and so on; and there are numerous birds and animals. One of the latter, in the right-hand corner, appears to be a guinea-pig intent upon his own affairs and totally uninterested in what is going on all around him. This panel, with two others nearly as wide, and four smaller pieces, was to have come up for sale at Christie's at the end of April, but I have just heard from Sir Alec Martin that, because of the owner's death, the sale has been postponed.

This was one way in which our ancestors pursued the search for fairyland—that is, by deliberately wooing the exotic. But that was, on the whole, a passing fashion, even in porcelain, in which the temptation to follow Chinese fashions must have been more difficult to resist. Things made for household use should be gay and light-hearted, if only to act as a counterpoise to the workaday world, and to me both ourselves and the French found a very pleasant solution to this quest for what is, strictly speaking, unattainable. Examples both of adaptations from the Chinese and of purely European ideas are legion; these three things



FIG. 1. IN COLOURS ON A BLACK GROUND, THE BORDERS WITH A PALE-BLUE GROUND: A SOHO TAPESTRY BY JOSHUA MORRIS, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The scenes on this Soho Tapestry

which Frank Davis considers to be "agreeably light-hearted and domestic, with just that air of fantasy which the early eighteenth century appreciated" are derived from familiar patterns on lacquer chests and screens. He calls particular attention to the guinea-pig in the right-hand corner. [By courtesy of Christie's.]

I know the original scheme for the building was modified, but I have not heard of any alteration to the Sutherland-tapestry suggestion, and hope to witness its completion, for here is an ideal position for fine work on the grand scale. There is nothing grand or noble in the sense in which I have used those words above about this particular tapestry (of Fig. 1)—I illustrate it because it is so agreeably light-hearted and domestic, with just that air of fantasy which the early eighteenth century appreciated. You will note that its design is in no way original, but has been "lifted" with suitable discretion, from the patterns already familiar from the lacquer chests and screens which had been imported in considerable numbers ever since the reign of Charles II. When the French,



FIG. 2. A SÈVRES PIECE OF 1768: A SMALL EWER AND BASIN WITH PANELS SET IN AN *ail-de-perdrix* PATTERN BACKGROUND.

This charming Sèvres piece of 1768 is a "wholly European Midsummer Night's Dream..." with panels of pastoral scenes mixed up with musical trophies on a background of the *ail-de-perdrix* pattern. [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]

dare say, be a trifle puzzled by our respect, which might seem to them a lack of self-confidence.

But this is leading me far afield and I've started on the wrong foot. Let me explain. I opened the post, and there I found this photograph (Fig. 1). Then came the coffee and the morning paper, and the morning paper started me off about wallpaper, when all the time I had one eye on this tapestry, which is not Chinese, and is much earlier than the Beverley room. The latter is about 1780, and this would be half a century before. Thus, inconsequently, I have reached Soho from China *via* Yorkshire—and perhaps not even Soho, for Soho is the name attached by custom to all tapestries made in England during the eighteenth century, whereas this truly wonderful craft was practised by a few workers outside this district, among whom were Paul Saunders, Bradshaw and a Frenchman, Parisot. This country's contribution to the craft was modest but attractive enough. It began with a gallant attempt by a Warwickshire squire, William Sheldon, to establish a workshop on his own estate in the middle of the sixteenth century; in 1619 James I. founded Mortlake, which, after varying degrees of fortune, came to an end in 1703. It was for Mortlake that the Raphael cartoons, one of the major glories of the Victoria and Albert Museum, were acquired. I suppose the best-known productions of the Mortlake looms after the Raphael tapestries are the tapestries celebrating the battle of Solebay, which you can see any day at Hampton Court.

In 1685, the establishment known as the Great Wardrobe, which was a workshop set aside for the repair and maintenance of all tapestries and textiles in the Royal palaces, was transferred from Hatton Garden to



FIG. 3. PAINTED ON A *gros-bleu* GROUND WITH PANELS OF MANY-COLOURED BIRDS: A VINCENNES PORCELAIN TANKARD AND STAND, DATE LETTER FOR 1753.

This is "one of those rare and beautiful pieces in which the deep-blue ground seems to be alive and has not yet attained the dead smooth perfection of so much of the later Sèvres..." [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]



FIG. 4. PART OF A WORCESTER DESSERT SERVICE, PAINTED BY J. M. O'NEALE, WITH SCENES FROM *ÆSOP'S FABLES*.

This plate is one of a dessert service of thirty pieces painted by J. M. O'Neale, the miniature painter, c. 1770, with scenes from *Æsop's Fables*. After designs by Francis Barlow. [By courtesy of Christie's.]

a few years later—that is, about the middle of the eighteenth century—produced "Chinese" tapestries, they worked from designs by Boucher, who had his own elegant notions of a Chinese fairyland and

caught my eye recently and will serve my purpose well enough. The tankard and stand of Fig. 3 are of Vincennes porcelain (date letter for 1753), painted on a *gros-bleu* ground with panels of many-coloured birds on a white ground with gilt borders—one of those rare and beautiful pieces in which the deep-blue ground seems to be alive and has not yet attained the dead smooth perfection of so much of the later Sèvres. Chinese in origin, no doubt, but a very free adaptation into the French language. There is, I think you will agree, nothing Chinese, not even an echo, about the small ewer and basin of Fig. 2—a Sèvres piece of 1768—with a pattern of red-and-blue dotted circles with green-and-gilt centres, a combination which may sound odd, but which is, in fact, delicate in the extreme—this pattern which the French, with their gift for description, called *ail-de-perdrix*, which somehow sounds better than "partridge eye." If there is little Chinese about shape or pattern, there is still less about the pastoral scenes mixed up with musical trophies in the panels; that is a wholly European Midsummer Night's Dream convention. With the plate of Fig. 4 we are home at Worcester, one of a set of thirty pieces (a dessert service) painted with scenes from *Æsop's Fables* by the miniature painter J. M. O'Neale, which came up at Christie's recently. The date is about 1770. O'Neale is one of several independent painters who worked for the porcelain factories; his address was "at The China Shop, the corner of Adam and Eve Court, Oxford Road." Here is a wholly English fairyland straightforwardly based upon the classics. Deep-blue ground, gilt borders.

RESTORATION AND DESTRUCTION, TREASURE TROVE, AND P.O.W.s HOME FROM KOREA.



AFTER OPENING THE RESTORED DULWICH COLLEGE ART GALLERY: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH LORD GORELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE COLLEGE. THE QUEEN MOTHER SPENT NEARLY AN HOUR INSPECTING THE PICTURES.



RECENTLY OPENED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: DULWICH COLLEGE

ART GALLERY, RESTORED AFTER BEING PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY A FLYING BOMB. On April 27 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened the restored Dulwich College art gallery. Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., honorary surveyor of the pictures, accompanied the Queen Mother on her tour of the rooms. In 1944 a flying bomb partially destroyed the gallery, but the pictures had happily been removed to Wales for safety. The gallery has been reconstructed to plans of the late Mr. Arthur Davis, R.A., who until his death in 1951 was honorary consultant architect. He was succeeded by Mr. Edward Maufe, R.A., who has been the work through to its completion.



WHERE FIVE PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE DÉBRIS OF THREE HOUSES WHICH COLLAPSED INTO A TUNNEL AT TEMPLE DRIVE, SWINTON, LANCASHIRE.

Four women and an elderly man were killed at Temple Drive, Swinton, on April 28 when three houses built over "Black Harry" railway tunnel collapsed. Two elderly women who occupied a neighbouring house were rescued from the wreckage; they were slightly injured.



TWENTY-TWO P.O.W.s BACK IN BRITAIN FROM KOREA: STRETCHER CASES BEING CARRIED FROM THE AIRCRAFT AT LYNEHAM, WILTSHIRE, ON MAY 1.

On May 1 twenty-two sick and wounded British prisoners of war released in Korea arrived at Lyneham, Wiltshire, in a *Haslings* transport aircraft. Eleven of them were men of the Gloucestershire Regiment, survivors of the regiment's historic stand on the Imjin River. Four of them came home on stretchers. The men were greeted by a large crowd which included some sixty relatives. After the freed men had received medical attention they were joined by their families at tea.



TREASURE TROVE: A RECENT FIND OF OVER A THOUSAND ROMAN SILVER COINS

ON LORD IVEAGH'S ESTATE AT ELVEDEN, SUFFOLK. At Elveden Village Hall on April 1, a jury declared that 1143 Roman silver coins, dating from A.D. 138 to A.D. 249 were treasure trove. The vase, with the dish (right) inverted over the neck, was found by two warreners digging for rabbits on Lord Iveagh's estate at Elveden, Suffolk, on March 23. This vase, containing the coins, was found standing upright about 2½ ft. down on some heathland near the Barnham-Elveden cross-roads. Their approximate value has been estimated at £200. Most of the coins are Denarii, but some are Antoniniani.



DESTROYED "BY ACCIDENT" AFTER AN EXISTENCE OF 4000 YEARS: THE FAMOUS LONG

BARROW AT MANTON DOWN, NEAR MARLBOROUGH, BEFORE IT WAS DEMOLISHED. The famous Long Barrow at Manton Down, near Marlborough, Wiltshire, a burial mound believed to date from about 2200 B.C., has been destroyed. It was scheduled as an ancient monument to which State protection had been granted. Mr. G. E. Todd, farmer and racehorse trainer, who owns the land on which Long Barrow stood, said on April 29 that a Ministry of Works Ancient Monuments Inspector was satisfied that the burial mound was destroyed by accident.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HOME TRUTHS FROM A DOG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

JASON came to us eight months ago, somewhat against my wishes. He is a Boxer mongrel. That is to say, his mother was a pedigree Boxer, his father could have been a Mastiff—or anything—nobody knows. As a puppy he proved particularly troublesome and destructive. Even now that he is growing up, his sheer weight is a menace, although his manners are improving. It was bad enough to have to bear with damage in the house but the garden is sacrosanct, and I have spent many hours, grudgingly, putting up fences to keep him within bounds. Taking all in all, I can genuinely claim to take an objective view of the dog. At least, I am not sentimentally inclined in his favour, while admitting that, as a dog, there are points to his credit.

One of my tasks was to make a pen for Jason, a wired enclosure with a gate secured on the outside with a cabin-hook. Between the post and the gate was only sufficient room to insert a finger to lift the hook to free the gate. This seemed secure enough and all went well until Jason was found repeatedly outside his pen and, on examination, appeared to have opened the gate to gain his liberty. Nobody had seen him do it, and it was not possible to suggest how he could have done it. No amount of shaking would cause the gate to open, once the cabin-hook had been secured. The space between the gate and its post would not admit the dog's paw or his muzzle. So, shutting him in one day, I went indoors to watch through a window. Jason went up to the gate and lifted the hook with his tongue.

I would never claim that Jason is particularly bright, even for a dog. And I would accept that he learned this trick either by accident or by long trial and error. He might, of course, have noticed how we opened the gate and copied the action, using his tongue as we used the finger; but it would be flattering him to suppose this. Therefore, that he should have discovered a way to let himself out of his pen I regard as commonplace. The sequel is, however, illuminating. It was during this time that I took advantage of the dog's supposedly safe incarceration in the pen to throw up round the kitchen garden another fence, and another gate. This gate was secured by a similar hook, a larger one I had made from available materials. It happened that, as soon as the gate was finished, Jason came by. Without hesitation, he went up to the gate, hit the hook with a lifting action of the muzzle, so that the gate swung open.

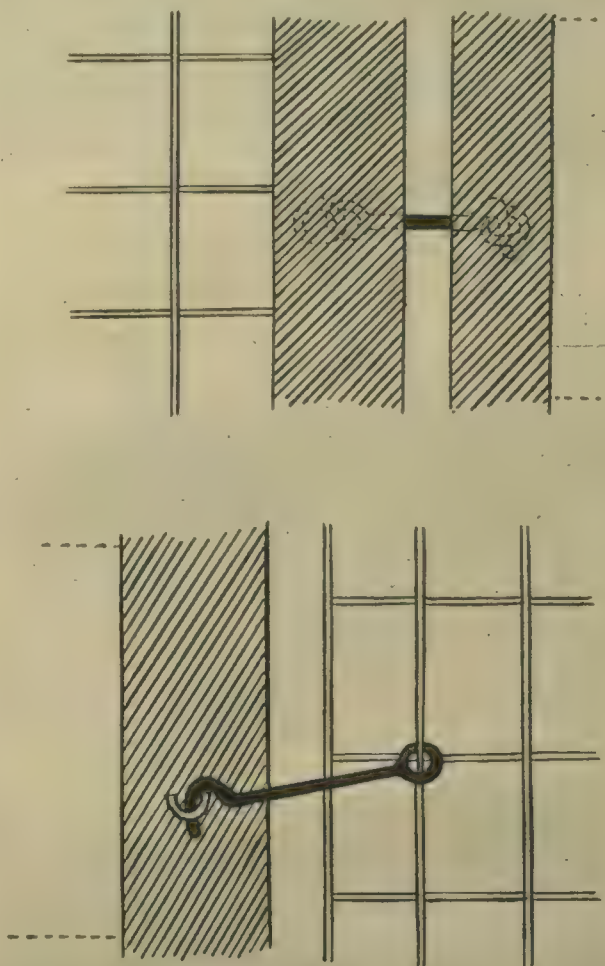
The value of these observations for me is that they are at first-hand, so that I can make my deductions, satisfied that I have the essential data. I would claim, therefore, that while his opening the first gate was almost certainly an accidental discovery, his ability to open the second gate was due to a form of reasoning, if only by analogy. Three essential points must be emphasised. First, the two hooks were different in size and shape; second, the dog's view of them presented him with a different picture in each case (as shown in the accompanying diagrams); third, in one case he used the tongue and in the second

case he used the muzzle. A fourth point might be added: that his ability to solve the second problem—that is, the opening of the second gate—was instantaneous. Whatever interpretation we may place on his opening the first gate, it seems inescapable that he opened the second one not by an automatic precise

repetition of a learned action, nor by a response to precisely the same set of circumstances. If, then, we ask: can this dog reason? the answer must be in the affirmative. It is not the reasoning we associate with adult human beings, the reasoning which enables us logically to argue step by step, but the kind of reasoning seen in young children, who, incidentally, are

This point of view is unorthodox. That is to say, it is contrary to majority scientific opinion. But then, there is often a perceptible gulf between the views of the academic animal psychologist and the one who keeps pets, largely because animals show their paces better when uninhibited as compared with their behaviour under test. Human beings often show this same difference. And while on the subject of dogs, there is another point on which there is a divergence of opinion. According to the standard works, dogs are short-sighted. In fact, their sight is rated very low. There is even the dogmatic assertion in a modern work on animal senses that a dog cannot see above eye-level—whatever that may mean.

At risk of drawing unduly on the behaviour of "our dog," I have many times seen Jason watch an aeroplane from the time it appears until it goes out of my range of vision. He may, of course, be guided partly by hearing, which is more acute than mine. If so, he shows no sign of it in the muscles of the ears. That is, the ears are not at all pricked. Moreover, when the aeroplane is a "jet," he follows the plane, not the sound. This spring, an incident occurred which offers an even better test of a dog's sight. Last summer, a pipistrelle flew every evening over the lawn. During a warm day in March, it was seen flying again over this beat, at mid-day, in full sunlight. Evidently it was the first day out of hibernation, for on succeeding days it appeared at 1 p.m., 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and finally at dusk, its normal time. On the first day, it had no sooner appeared, flying between 10 and 25 ft., than Jason, who was lying on the lawn, stood up, alert, and followed its course with his eyes. The bat was in flight for nearly half-an-hour, so there was plenty of time for careful observation. The dog's ears were relaxed all the time, there was no indication in the nostrils that he was picking up the scent of the bat, and, indeed, the only movement in his whole body was in the turning of the head and the



CAN A DOG REASON? (TOP DIAGRAM) THE LATCH SECURING JASON'S PEN WHICH HE MANAGED TO RAISE BY INSERTING HIS TONGUE BETWEEN THE TWO POSTS; AND (BOTTOM DIAGRAM) ANOTHER LATCH WHICH, THOUGH PRESENTING HIM WITH A DIFFERENT PICTURE, HE AT ONCE LIFTED WITH HIS NOSE.

Drawings and photograph by Jane Burton.

often clear-headedly logical as compared with their parents and capable of solving simple mechanical problems speedily where an adult takes time because his mind is cluttered with preconceived ideas.

The question is often asked: "Can animals think?" There have been many and varying answers to this, largely because we do not yet know what thought is, and also because no two savants seem to agree on the definition of reason. Yet, unless Jason is an unusually brilliant dog, and this I beg leave severely to doubt, and unless animal psychologists are wrong in placing dogs well down the list of mammals in intelligence, we must admit that many of the mammals, at least, are capable of the same quality of thought as young children.



CAN A DOG SEE ABOVE EYE-LEVEL? "I HAVE MANY TIMES SEEN JASON WATCH AN AEROPLANE FROM THE TIME IT APPEARS UNTIL IT GOES OUT OF MY RANGE OF VISION. HE MAY, OF COURSE, BE GUIDED PARTLY BY HEARING, WHICH IS MORE ACUTE THAN MINE. IF SO, HE SHOWS NO SIGN OF IT IN THE MUSCLES OF THE EARS."

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movement of the eyes. A pipistrelle's flight is erratic and not easy for even the highly efficient human eye to follow.

Every so often the pipistrelle would swoop to within a foot of the ground; occasionally it would climb to 30 ft. or more—well above eye-level. All the movements, low or high, were followed by head and eye movements on the part of the dog. Then came a moment when the bat swooped low, straight at his muzzle. There was a sudden snap of jaws, and the bat only escaped unharmed by an incredibly rapid turn.



DISCUSSING THE FUTURE OF THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE: (AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE) GENERAL NEGUIB; (ON HIS RIGHT) SIR R. STEVENSON; (ON HIS LEFT) MAHMOUD FAWZI. On April 27 formal negotiations between Britain and Egypt on the future of the Suez Canal Zone were opened at Cairo, when the British delegation, headed by Sir Ralph Stevenson (Ambassador in Cairo) and General Sir Brian Robertson, the retiring C-in-C. Middle East Land Forces, visited General Neguib's offices and general statements were made by both sides. Further meetings were held on April 28 and 29, and after a break of two days resumed on May 3. At the date of writing both sides were extremely reticent.

EGYPT, ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA: VARIED NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE DESPATCH VESSEL H.M.S. *SURPRISE* IN WHICH H.M. THE QUEEN WILL REVIEW THE FLEET ON JUNE 15—ON TRIALS. THE REVIEW PLATFORM CAN BE SEEN FORWARD. During the period of the Spithead Review, the complement of *Surprise* (a Chatham-manned ship) will be augmented with ratings from Portsmouth and Plymouth Commands, Maltese steward ratings from Mediterranean Command; and an officer, sergeant and eighteen O.R.s from 3 Commando Brigade, now in the Mediterranean. On the day of the Review fourteen Wrens will also attend in the Royal apartments.



WITH A 16-FT. TRAIN OF DARK-BLUE HYACINTHS: FLORA, GODDESS OF FLOWERS, ON ONE OF THE ELABORATE FLORAL FLOATS IN A DUTCH BULB CELEBRATION PROCESSION. We show here two of the more elaborate floral floats in the great procession which marked the Dutch bulb season on April 25. The parade—between The Hague and Haarlem—was witnessed by more than 500,000 people, including Prince Bernhard and one of his daughters, Princess Margriet.



APOLLO, GOD OF THE SUN, IN HIS CHARIOT DRAWN BY HORSES—MAINLY BUILT UP FROM YELLOW NARCISSI; ONE OF THE FLOATS IN THE DUTCH BULB PARADE OF APRIL 25.



PART OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT FOR THE CORONATION PARADE PASSING THE SALUTING BASE DURING THEIR REVIEW BEFORE LEAVING THE CAPE ON APRIL 30. The South African contingent for the Coronation Parade has been drawn from ex-Servicemen, Police, South African Air Force, Naval Forces, Permanent Force (Army) and Rifle Commandos. It consists of 67 officers and 72 other ranks, and is commanded by Brigadier S. A. Melville, O.B.E. (S.A.A.F.). Before leaving they were inspected by the Chief of General Staff, Lieut.-General C. L. de Wet du Toit. They are expected to reach England in the third week of May in the *Durban Castle*.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT MEETS THE FIRST PATIENT OF THE NEW "THEATRELAND" DISPENSARY OF THE P.D.S.A., WHICH SHE HAD JUST OPENED IN SOHO ON APRIL 27. On April 27 H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent opened a new animal dispensary in Soho of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, and later visited P.D.S.A. House in Clifford Street, W.1, where the chairman, Mr. A. E. Bridges Webb, presented to her many of the P.D.S.A. staff. In our picture (left to right, background) are the distinguished actresses, Miss Fay Compton and Dame Sybil Thorndike, who were present at the opening.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



(Left.)

BOBBY WILSON.

One of four players nominated for Britain's Davis Cup Lawn Tennis Team to meet Norway in the second round in Oslo on May 15, 16 and 17. A seventeen-year-old student at Christ's College, Finchley, he is the youngest player ever to have been selected for a British Davis Cup team.



(Right.)

MAJOR-GENERAL G. F. JOHNSON.

To be G.O.C., London District, with effect from July 1953. He succeeds Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, whose term, normally due to end in a few weeks, was extended owing to the Coronation. Major-General Johnson was appointed Chief of Staff, Scottish Command, in 1949.



(Left.)

MISS LILY BRAYTON.

Died on April 30, aged seventy-six. A well-known actress, she played the part of Zahrat-al-Kulub nearly 2000 times during the spectacular run of "Chu-Chin-Chow"; but her chief successes were in Shakespearian rôles. Twice widowed, her first husband was Mr Oscar Asche, and her second was Dr. Chalmers Watson.



(Right.)

SIR HUGH CASSON.

Appointed President of the Architectural Association for its 107th Session, commencing on June 1, 1953. He was Director of Architecture, Festival of Britain, 1948-51; and Consultant, City of Westminster Coronation Decorations, 1952-53. He was appointed Reader in Interior Design, Royal College of Art, in 1951.



(Left.)

G. H. MICKLEM.

Won the English Amateur Golf Championship at Royal Birkdale on May 2 for the second time. He beat R. J. White, Royal Liverpool, by 2 up and 1 to play over 36 holes, thus accomplishing a feat that not even the best amateurs in the United States have succeeded in doing, either in singles or foursomes in international matches.

MR. W. HANNEFORD-SMITH.

Celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of his service with B. T. Batsford, Ltd., the booksellers and publishers. Mr. Hanneford-Smith, a director of the company, is now retiring. His portrait in oils, by John Berry, reproduced above, is being presented to him by his fellow-directors. During his sixty years of service, Mr. Hanneford-Smith has collaborated in the publication of many outstanding books on the Fine and Applied Arts, Collecting and Technical subjects, many of which have become "classics."

(Right.)

SIR LAWRENCE BRAGG.

Appointed by the managers of the Royal Institution to the offices of Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, Resident Professor, and Director of the Institution's laboratories. He has been Cavendish Professor Experimental Physics, Cambridge University, since 1938. He will take up his duties as Fullerian Professor immediately.

**KING SISAVANG VONG OF LAOS, WHO REFUSED TO LEAVE HIS THREATENED CAPITAL.**

The King of Laos, who is over sixty years old, has been urged by the French to leave the Royal capital of Luang Prabang, threatened by invading Viet-Minh forces, but refused, as he said he must share the fate of his people. On May 3 the enemy forces were reported to be within about one-and-a-half-days march of the city.

**AFTER ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING CUP FINALS: H.M. THE QUEEN PRESENTING A CUP-WINNERS' MEDAL TO STANLEY MATTHEWS OF BLACKPOOL.**

The Cup Final of 1953, played at Wembley Stadium on May 2, was one of the most exciting ever. Blackpool defeated Bolton Wanderers by 4-3. The winning goal was scored during the last minute of the game, which was watched by H.M. the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh (who can be seen in our photograph—left) and Princess Margaret.

**CONGRATULATED BY PRESIDENT LOPES: DR. SALAZAR (RIGHT) OF PORTUGAL.**

On April 27 Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, Prime Minister of Portugal, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the Portuguese Government. Our photograph shows Dr. Salazar being embraced and congratulated by President Lopes, who paid a special call on the Prime Minister.



QUEEN SORAYA OF PERSIA'S VISIT TO EUROPE: AN INDIAN POLO PLAYER, COLONEL PREM SINGH, MEMBER OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN TEAM, BEING PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY IN ROME. Queen Soraya of Persia arrived in Rome by air from Teheran on April 27, and was expected to stay in Italy for about a week, before going on to Switzerland to visit her step-daughter Chahnaz, who is at school there, and see other members of her family. She is accompanied by her mother and by a Court official and his wife; and it is stated that the journey has been made on account of health reasons. When in Rome her Majesty watched a polo match. After the game players were presented to her.



TO REPRESENT HIS FATHER, THE EMPEROR HIROHITO, AT THE CORONATION: PRINCE AKIHITO, CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN, EXAMINING THE ELGIN MARBLES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Prince Akihito, nineteen-year-old Crown Prince of Japan, arrived in England in the *Queen Elizabeth* on April 27, and was received at Waterloo on April 28 by Lord Selkirk, Lord-in-Waiting, representing the Queen, and British and Japanese officials. His visit, until the Coronation period, when he becomes the guest of the Queen, will be informal; but her Majesty arranged to receive him on May 5. He visited the British Museum on April 30, and was received by Sir Thomas Kendrick, the director.

CHANGING OWNERSHIP FOR FINE PAINTINGS: DUTCH AND ENGLISH WORKS UP FOR AUCTION.



"THE CASTLE AT KOSTVERLOREN, ON THE AMSTEL NEAR AMSTERDAM"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1620-1682). (Signed with monogram.) (18½ by 23 ins.)



"CROSSING THE FORD"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788), A BEAUTIFUL WORK EXHIBITED AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IN 1914. (39 by 49 ins.)



"OUTSIDE THE RED LION INN"; BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763-1804). EXHIBITED AT THE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION, MANCHESTER, 1857. (Signed.) (40 by 50 ins.)

A number of important and interesting paintings are making their appearance in the auction rooms of London during Coronation Year. Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Young Girl," a painting with a long and fully documented history, is due to be sold at Christie's on May 15 by order of Mrs. E. S. Borthwick Norton. It is mentioned in numerous authoritative works on Rembrandt and was exhibited at The Hague in 1927. The Jacob van Ruisdael also to be sold by order of



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). SIGNED AND DATED 1660. ETCHED IN REVERSE IN GALERIE LE BRUN; NO. 152. (31 by 26 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL"; BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). A CHARMING SKETCH FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. J. LONG OF PRESHAW. (23 by 20 ins.)

Mrs. E. S. Borthwick Norton, was originally in the collection of the Duchesse de Berry. The Gainsborough and the Morland we illustrate are due to come under the hammer on the same day by order of the Trustees of the Tollemache estates, and have been removed from Peckforton Castle, Cheshire. The sketch of "A Young Girl," by Romney, was due to be sold at Christie's on Friday last, May 8, by order of Mrs. L. Gutekunst.

ANCIENT MEXICAN DRUMS—A PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN,

OLOGICAL E MEXICO



FIG. 1. THE ORIGINAL *TEPONAZTLI*, OR TWO-TONED HORIZONTAL DRUM OF TEPOZTLAN, CARVED WITH THE GOD *XOCHIPILTE*, CARRYING GOURD RATTLE AND FLOWERS. NOTE THE SCAR ON THE HIP. THIS DRUM IS USUALLY HIDDEN AWAY.

All visitors to the Exhibition of Mexican art at the Tate Gallery (which closed on April 26) must have been very much impressed by the Aztec and earlier drums exhibited. In some parts of Mexico these drums (some of them original pre-Conquest examples, some rather later copies of jealously-guarded originals) are brought out for certain annual festivals and play a ritual part in them, part-pagan, part-Christianised. We show a number of these still-used drums in this series of remarkable photographs by the late RODNEY GALLOP, C.M.G., together with his notes on them.

THERE were two kinds of drum, the vertical *huehuell* and the horizontal *teponaztli*. The *huehuell* was of a type widely distributed throughout the primitive world. It consisted of a hollowed section of a log about 3 ft. high, standing on three feet and covered with skin on which the player drummed with his hands. There were three types, the simple *huehuell* covered with deerskin and used for dancing; the



FIG. 2. THE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL *TEPONAZTLI* OF TEPOZTLAN (FIG. 1), WHICH IS BROUGHT OUT FOR THREE FESTIVALS EACH YEAR. IT IS HERE BEING PLAYED BY A WAYSIDE CROSS AT THE END OF THE HARVEST.

bigger *tlapan-huehuell*, covered with panther-skin and used as a summons to war; and, biggest of all, the *teo-huehuell* "drum of the gods," the echoes of which signified that human victims were being sacrificed. In his account of the conquest of Mexico Bernal Diaz del Castillo refers to its dread sound. "As we were retreating," he writes, after an unsuccessful attack on the lake city, "we heard a drum, a most dismal sound indeed it was, like an instrument of demons, as it resounded so that one could hear it two leagues off. . . . At that moment they were offering the hearts of ten of our comrades and much blood to the idols" (A. P. Maudslay's translation). Near the end of the siege he again refers to "the cursed drum, which I again declare had the most accursed sound and the most dismal that it was possible to invent, for at that moment they were sacrificing our comrades whom they had captured from Cortés." The *teponaztli* is a more remarkable and localised instrument. Here the section of a log (1½ to 2 ft. in length) is treated horizontally. It is hollowed out from underneath, and the upper surface is cut through with an incision in the shape of an H, thus leaving two tongues of wood which vibrate when struck. The thickness of these two tongues differs so that, when struck, they differ in pitch by an interval of about a fourth. (Here, surely, must be the most primitive prototype of the marimba and xylophone.) The instrument was laid on



FIG. 5. THE DOG-DRUM OF THE MATLALZINCA INDIANS OF SAN JUAN ACINGO, WITH ITS FESTIVAL COLLAR OF BLUE AND GREEN RIBBONS. THE FRONT PAWS ARE BROKEN OFF. SEE ALSO FIG. 6

Continued.)

distinguished from the copy by the quality of the carving and by a deep cut from a machete knife across the hip, echo of some fight, possibly that in which Tepozteco captured the drum. No great distance from Tepoztlan, the Matlalzinca Indians of San Juan Acingo have a tradition that the people of Tepoztlan stole a *teponaztli* from them. However this may be, the one which they now possess, and which I was the first outsider to see, also bears signs of damage. It is carved in the round to represent a dog (Fig. 5) or similar animal. The front paws are missing, and to



FIG. 6. THE DOG *TEPONAZTLI* OF SAN JUAN ACINGO—SEE ALSO FIG. 5. THIS DRUM IS VERY RARELY SEEN BY OUTSIDERS AND ON THE OCCASION OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS KEPT ON ITS STRING LEAD FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.

obviate any further risk it was held on a string lead (Fig. 6) until it was hidden away again. Round its neck was a collar of blue and green ribbons. At Xicotepec (Villa Juárez), farther down towards the low country of Vera Cruz, I was more fortunate. Here there is still preserved a magnificent pre-Conquest *teponaztli* carved in the shape of a monkey (Figs. 7 and 8), with ear-plugs of a design particularly associated with Quetzalcoatl hanging from its ears. In normal times it is kept by an old Indian in his hut on a sort of improvised altar with a wreath of sacred *cempoalxochitl* marigolds round its head, a cup of water beside it and a copal incense-burner at the foot of the

TREASURES—USED IN THE VILLAGE FESTIVALS, OF TO-DAY—IN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS.



FIG. 3. UNCARRIED AND WITHOUT RECORDS, BUT OBVIOUSLY OF CONSIDERABLE ANTIQUITY: THE TWO *TEPONAZTLIS* OF AMECAMECA, WHICH ARE BROUGHT OUT EVERY YEAR FOR THE FESTIVAL OF NUESTRO SEÑOR DEL SACRO MONTE.

the ground or placed on a stand or tripod. Finely-carved pre-Conquest examples of both these types of drum are preserved in the National Museum of Mexico and in the British Museum, but a still greater interest attaches to those ancient examples, both pre- and post-Conquest, which, as I was able to learn, are still preserved and played in remote Indian villages. These are extremely difficult to see and photograph since they are kept in great secrecy and only brought out on the occasion of the fiesta, pagan or Christianised, at which they are performed. This is partly due to fear of loss and partly owing to the respect due to them as cult objects or even something more in the case of the *teponaztli*. The first which I was able to see made their appearance at Amecameca, close under the great volcanoes at the annual festival of *Nuestro Señor del Sacro Monte*. Here, a *huehuell* (Fig. 4) and two *teponaztlis* (Fig. 3) had been strengthened by a rustic pipe and a modern side-drum. The ancient instruments were uncarved, and it was difficult to judge their age, but their natural patina suggested that the horizontal drums, at any rate, were of considerable antiquity. At Tepoztlan, a big Aztec pueblo near Cuernavaca, a far more remarkable *teponaztli* is preserved. The pueblo is divided into seven parishes, each with its church, and the drum belongs to one of these, that of La Santísima, built by Martín Cortés, son of the Conqueror, by his Indian interpreter, Doña Marina. The drum appears on three occasions in the year. The first is Trinity Sunday, when it resounds all day from the roof of the church; at a movable feast in August when the last work is done in the parish cornfields and the drum is played



FIG. 4. DRUMS ANCIENT AND MODERN—IN MEXICO. AT AMECAMECA, A VERTICAL DRUM (*HUEHUELL*) WAS AUGMENTED AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL BY TWO HORIZONTAL DRUMS, A PIPE AND A MODERN SIDE-DRUM.

in fields and at a little wayside cross (Fig. 2); and on September 8, when a play based on local Aztec myth is performed in the main plaza. The drum (Fig. 1) is carved with the representation of a dancing figure holding in one hand a gourd rattle and in the other a stylised bunch of flowers. Archaeologists identify this figure with Xochipile, "Prince of Flowers," the god of music, dancing and festivity. To the Indians, however, he is *Tepozteco* (or *Tepoztecatl*), the legendary figure, half-god and half-king, from whom the little town takes its name. *Tepoztecatl* was one of the many manifestations of *Quetzalcoatl*, the Plumed Serpent. According to local legend he carried off the *teponaztli* and the gourd rattle depicted on it, from *Cuauhnahuac* (Cuernavaca) and raised a whirlwind to cover his retreat. At the three fiestas mentioned above many people have seen what they have supposed to be the original, pre-Conquest drum. In fact, however, what they have seen is a copy which the Indians have made for the greater security of the original (Figs. 1 and 2). It was only with great difficulty that I was able to see the latter, which can be

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 7. THE MONKEY DRUM OF XICOTEPEC—A MAGNIFICENT PRE-CONQUEST SPECIMEN ON A CARVED *TOTONAC*-STYLE STAND. HERE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE OLD PRIEST WHO IS ITS GUARDIAN. SEE FIG. 8.

altar. Once a year it is taken out and played at a nocturnal feast associated with Xochipile, that same god who is depicted on the drum at Tepoztlan. The Xicotepec drum is placed on a small wooden stand or sounding-board of worm-eaten softwood carved in the *Totonac* style. More remarkable than this pre-Conquest carving, however, is a design carved on the right flank of the monkey. This shallow, incised carving is obviously of later date than the drum and was at some time encrusted with precious stones. It represents a dead eagle transfixed by an arrow and surrounded by chains. Behind, is a stylised prickly pear and, at the eagle's feet, the Aztec symbol for a stone or rock. It thus represents,



FIG. 8. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MONKEY DRUM OF XICOTEPEC, SHOWING A SOMEWHAT LATER CARVING (ONCE JEWELLED), WHICH MAY BE A UNIQUE CONTEMPORARY RECORD OF THE DEFEAT OF MONTEZUMA BY CORTÉS.

in unfamiliar form and without the serpent, the familiar motif of the foundation of the Aztec lake-capital of Tenochtitlan. Although of Indian workmanship, there is a suggestion of European influence in the carving of the eagle and the chains, and Dr. Alfonso Caso, the foremost Mexican archaeologist, does not hesitate to see in it the only known contemporary Indian memorial to the defeat of Montezuma by Cortés, and to the destruction of his great lake-city.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

INTIMATE FRIENDS.

By J. C. TREWIN

ACCORDING to Miss Daisy Ashford, bless her heart, the Earl of Clincham in "The Young Visitors" had "very nice eyes of a twinkly nature." That reminds me, inevitably, of Max Adrian. His eyes can do more than twinkle.



"A REVUE, BY A PLATOON OF AUTHORS, THAT IS GAY, INVENTIVE, AND NEVER JUST MODISHLY PAROCHIAL": "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING A SKETCH [IN WHICH (L. TO R.) DENIS QUILLEY, BERNARD HUNTER AND CHARLES ROSS BID A SAD FAREWELL TO OUR OLD FRIEND THE TRAM. THE BACKCLOTH HAS BEEN SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY EMMET.

They can gleam, glint and glow: they can be dagger-sharp. But more often nowadays I think of their "twinkly nature": Mr. Adrian is usually smiling; and so—by no means maliciously—is the revue called "Airs on a Shoestring," in which he appears at the Royal Court Theatre.

Is there, maybe, too little malice in this friendly diversion? Ought it to be fanged and keen? Ought we to have the sensation of crunching across broken glass, and should every programme have its personal asp enclosed? That, it seems, is something that revue-fanciers must decide for themselves. No doubt, wit a little more bladed would have helped; but I have few complaints about this revue, and especially its second half, which is—as a good revue should be—a set of swift comments "of a twinkly nature" on a variety of things, from Britten and British films to "laundrettes" and the radio. We speak of the teacup-and-saucer school of Robertsonian realistic comedy. I would say (if the pernicky shade of the American, Charles Fort, will not deem me disrespectful) that the best modern intimate revues are in the teacup-and-flying-saucer school. The method of their construction remains a mystery.

For me the revue world has changed astonishingly since I went to the theatre first. Then, week by week, in the middle and late 'twenties, it was my duty to attend an extraordinary series of entertainments: revues that girdled the year in a provincial town. I think of an old and shabby theatre that, in memory, reminds me now of the place in which Dorian Gray first saw Sibyl Vane: "a tawdry affair, all Cupids and cornucopias like a third-rate wedding cake." The revues that flicked rapidly across its stage were matched somehow to the house. No mystery about their composition. Everything was dusty and tawdry. The chorus-girls, despairingly gay and "so la-la," would dance us from sunny Havana to the sunny Riviera and to sunny Seville, all of which looked precisely the same. Comedians jested desperately about their mothers-in-law and the lodger. There were garish song-scenas: treacle over canvas. The revues—one of which, I remember, was described in advance publicity as "a Tasty and Filling Spectacle"—bore such names (more or less) as "Hip and Thigh," "Oo! Les Girls!", and "Slap and Tickle." The house was generally packed, whereas, "coincident with this shindig" (in the nice phrase of Miss Tallulah Bankhead), the local legitimate theatre, except on certain favoured occasions, would be a desert of tiers, idle tiers.

I was never lucky enough to catch either a Gracie Fields or a Sid Field on provincial progress. They were bred in touring revues, but, I am sure, of a more "twinkly nature" than those that reached us in the long ago. I was always grateful for those rare occasions when it was decided to fill

a gap with the higher drama, and we spent a clotted and curdled season with "The Story of the Rosary," "His Chinese Bride," and those other delightful works in which (as a connoisseur of ballet observed the other day) a heroine could be relied upon to "lend a swooning *ritardando* to her *retiré*," and the word of a Colonel of the Crimson Hussars was law in the realm of Neo-Slavonia. Those, if I may coin a term, were the days.

It will be forgiven, then, if as I hear and watch the shiny, twinkling sophistication of a modern intimate revue, my mind creeps back occasionally to "Whoops! She Rises!"; to a dusty curtain that lifts upon the pained smile of the chorus; and to spectral feet that shuffle and patter from the past.

Those skimble-skamble, non-descript "scream-shows" tried, in their fashion, to unite the intimate and the spectacular. London, during recent years, has elected for the intimate revue. There are, of course, the bump-in-the-night conspiracies of

Michael Flanders and Donald Swann mock with a gentle relish at the musical tribe of Benjamin; the sad tale of a "wet Whit Monday in a studio off the Boltons," in which Moyra Fraser rises like a mildly Bohemian ghost; the song in which Max Adrian, suitably bearded, recalls—as a sweet-toothed elder—the matchless confectionery of his youth; another Max Adrian number for the celebration of Ghouls' Day; Betty Marsden in a Joyce Grenfell monologue for a secretary, wan and faithful, with a sadistic climber of a boss; and Betty Marsden and Jack Gray, portentous as duettists.

The catalogue goes on too long. Let me end by remembering the mischievous dance, "continued" from "Penny Plain" (this revue is much better) in which Moyra Fraser, the evening's grave-quizzical tomboy, regards us with (shall we say?) a twinkly eye from beneath the arm that sweeps back her hair; and the same actress as, in "Time and Motion," she explains to any office-girl how not to waste any chance of healthy or beautifying exercise. There are no tediously spectacular matters at the Court. It is just as well. Too often, after giving respectful homage to some laborious show-piece, some Tasty and Filling Spectacle, we have murmured, in the Barrie phrase: "It's grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable." As I said earlier, the exact composition of a good intimate revue must remain mysterious. Either it "jells" or it doesn't. Happily, at the Court, Laurier Lister has seen the miracle happening—and with the minimum of fuss.

The Arts, best of the intimate theatres, has not yielded in recent years to the temptation of staging intimate revue. (Often it must have been tempted indeed.) Instead, Alec Clunes and his helpers have reminded us, time after time, of the right plays to revive. Now the Arts has added "The Seagull" to its record: a direct statement that is never for a moment the limply-produced "cataleptic" Chekhov, of which George Calderon (whose text should have been used) once complained. John Fernald's production is imaginative as well as direct. This is truly the world of Trigorin, Konstantin, Sorin, Masha: they are our intimate friends. The best performances are those of Alan MacNaughtan as the facile novelist, and of Michael Gwynn as a quietly intense Konstantin. (We are leagues away from this actor's mature Shakespeareans at Stratford: compare Konstantin with the Duke of York.) Catherine Lacey's Arkadina, closely studied, is, I feel, too rasping; and the Nina lacks quality. Still, as a whole, the cast is amply right, and the lovely play again keeps an autumnal heartbreak.

I am sorry that the Arts has sought a new version. Calderon's would have served. In the new text I was conscious of a clumsy "What an amount of love!" for Dorn's "What a lot of love!"; and "the virginal



"IN HAPPY AND CONFIDENT COMMAND": MAX ADRIAN AND MOYRA FRASER IN "TAKEN AS RED"—OR "HIAWATHA AT THE ALBERT HALL," ONE OF THE SKETCHES FROM THE NEW REVUE "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING."

the Crazy Gang at the Victoria Palace; there is the revue-cum-variety scheme at the Casino. But, for the most part, certainly in all the club-theatre band-boxes, and often in the light of the public theatre, the intimate revue has had its way.

Although nothing has yet blurred our recollection of Herbert Farjeon's work at the Little Theatre before the war, we have memories enough of the last few years. What does "Airs on a Shoestring," with its twenty-five or so contributors, add to them? I would say, without pause, the "Guide to Britten," in which



AT THE ROYAL COURT IN SLOANE SQUARE, OPEN AGAIN AT LAST AS A PUBLIC THEATRE: LAURIER LISTER'S "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING," SHOWING MOYRA FRASER AND JACK GRAY (CENTRE) IN A SKETCH FROM THE REVUE WHICH IS ENTITLED "JAMAICAN RUMBA."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"AIRS ON A SHOESTRING" (Royal Court).—The Court, in Sloane Square, open again at last as a public theatre, begins with a revue, by a platoon of authors, that is gay, inventive, and never just modishly parochial. It is staged by Laurier Lister's company, with Max Adrian and Moyra Fraser in happy and confident command. (April 22.)

"TUTTO PER BENE" (St. James's).—In the second play of the Italian season—also by Pirandello—Ruggero Ruggeri had a splendid outburst. He was a widower who realised suddenly that his daughter was not his; and his world fell about him. Ruggeri acted the scene—the key to a complex play of character—with an exciting power, heightened by his earlier reserve. (April 23.)

"THE SEAGULL" (Arts).—John Fernald has produced Chekhov's great play with an appreciative simplicity. Only one or two performances are especially memorable—Alan MacNaughtan's Trigorin, for example, and Michael Gwynn's Konstantin—but the revival keeps us in the Chekhov country: we never look at it through the wrong end of a telescope. (April 23.)

pine-forest" (however nearer it may be to the original) as Trigorin's note towards the end of the third act, is no better than Calderon's own insertion, "the corn was 'shuckled' by the wind." Unimportant, of course; but these tiny things can multiply, and one likes to keep for a Chekhov revival the "twinkly" smile of perfect bliss.

"PAINTING IS A PLEASURE": SPARE-TIME PICTURES BY NOTABILITIES



"VENICE," A VIEW SHOWING THE DOGE'S PALACE, THE CAMPANILE AND DOMES OF ST. MARK'S BASILICA; BY COLONEL THE HON. J. J. ASTOR, CHAIRMAN OF "THE TIMES" PUBLISHING CO., YOUNGER SON OF THE 1ST VISCOUNT ASTOR.



"SAILING-BOATS"; A VERY ATTRACTIVE COMPOSITION BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT, FIRST COUSIN OF THE QUEEN. HE WAS BORN IN OCTOBER 1935 AND IS THUS SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.



"RIVIERA GARDEN"; BY DAME FELICITY PEAKE, DIRECTOR, W.A.A.F., 1946-49, AND OF THE W.R.A.F. SINCE ITS INCEPTION IN 1949 TILL 1950. SHE WAS HON. A.D.C. TO THE KING, 1949-50.



"FISHING VILLAGE"; BY THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CROYDON. IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER PICTURES REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE, IT IS BEING EXHIBITED AT THE "PAINTING IS A PLEASURE" EXHIBITION AT THE TRAFFORD GALLERY, IN AID OF TOC H, WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN ON MAY 6.



"EUCALYPTUS-TREES"; BY MISS CLEMENCE DANE, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR, WHOSE WORKS INCLUDE "REGIMENT OF WOMEN" (1917), AND NUMEROUS BOOKS, NOVELS AND PLAYS, OF WHICH "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" WAS PRODUCED IN 1921.



"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARGARET"; A PORTRAIT-STUDY BY HER AUNT, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



"PANDORA"; BY ANA-INEZ CARCANO (THE HON. MRS. J. J. ASTOR, WIFE OF MAJOR THE HON. J. J. ASTOR, M.P. FOR THE SUTTON DIVISION OF PLYMOUTH).



"LOKI"; BY LADY BIRLEY, WIDOW OF THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT PAINTER, SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, A PAINTING MADE THIS YEAR.

A Coronation Exhibition of Paintings by distinguished amateurs, "Painting is a Pleasure," organised at the Trafford Gallery, Mount Street, by Mrs. Rex Benson, in aid of Toc H, was due to open on May 6, and is to continue until June 12. The works on view in some cases attain a high standard; and the general level is extremely creditable, especially when it is remembered that these amateur artists are nearly all extremely busy people; and some, like Miss Clemence Dane, have achieved eminence in other fields of art. There are exhibits by members

of the Royal family who, as is well known, have very little leisure at their disposal to devote to hobbies; and such prominent figures in public life as the Lord Bishop of Croydon and Colonel the Hon. John Jacob Astor, chairman of *The Times* Publishing Co., can obviously find it extremely difficult to devote many hours to the pleasures of painting. Miss Kathleen Ferrier, the vocalist, H.E. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert A. George, and Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck are others who are exhibiting at this interesting display.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is, of course, naïve to treat the fiction of another country as a sworn statement on its character. One can't read every novel, to begin with; and long before that point, all simple theories would be confounded by excess of data. But it is no use arguing with instinct. We have to theorise, and draw these national conclusions; and their prime object has to be America, which is in constant view, and which, moreover, seems to encourage the attempt. But since we must try for a picture of the U.S.A., let us range wide, and get a thorough mixture of ingredients.

Starting, for instance, with "The Groves of Academe," by Mary McCarthy (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). This is a small, exclusive mirror of a small, freak minority. It has a theme of national concern—the theme of witch-hunting in academic circles—but *en revanche*, it stands the question on its head. Henry Mulcahy, "a tall, soft-bellied, lipping man with a tense, mushroom-white face," is intermittently aware of "a quality of personal unattractiveness that emanates from him like a miasma." In this, as in his bad teeth and complexion, his four unlovely brats and the defiant squalor of his domesticity, he finds a proof of grace and a continual prompting to self-worship. He is rejected and despised, therefore identified with Joyce (his literary prophet), who is identified with the Redeemer. Thus it becomes an axiom that he can do no wrong. He has behaved accordingly, from job to job. The last time, he was unemployed for months; then Jocelyn College took him in, not on his merits, but as a vindication of "the right to teach." (He had been charged with Communistic leanings.) And now, the President intends to sack him. But he won't go; this time he can't afford to go. He will arouse his colleagues; he will expose this indecent assault, this phony Liberal, this flagrant instance of discrimination—nay, this attempted murder of his wife. If they are thrown into the street, Cathy may die. The President knows her condition; but, clearly, he has found out that her husband is a Party member—a victim penitent but trapped.

Strictly, these confidences are not true. But to the improvising Henry, they are more than true; they are expedient and sacred. He can do no wrong—unlike the earnest friends who, having brought him off, are so ignoble as to find him out.

Since Jocelyn is a "progressive" college—and freak and struggling at that—nothing can safely be deduced from it. The story is all scruple and debate: debate on personality and motive, on the right to teach, on why Mulcahy should be sacked, why he should not be sacked, and what makes the debaters tick. At first it has an irritating quality, but it is not merely brilliant in analysis, and packed with wit; it can be downright, exquisitely funny.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Sojourner," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is in the rural-epic vein—rather, one of them: the soothing, not the bleak. Asahel Linden has never said a harsh word in his life, or done an unkind act. He is long, gawky, inarticulate—a peasant rooted in the soil, never, in eighty years, going beyond twenty miles from his own farm, yet secretly a yearning exile. He longs to travel the whole globe, to know men of all races, to explore the stars, to probe the mystery of books. . . . In short, his proper study is philosophy. But he has never heard the word, and simply feels himself a stranger, in a foreign environment. Even the land is not his own; he does the work, but it belongs entirely to his mother—and, she insists, to her true son, the elder, who has gone away. Benjamin is her all in all; and though he walked straight out after his father's funeral, and since then has been lost and mute, she harps incessantly on his return. Ben's girl, the brisk, enchanting little Nellie Wilson, has taken Asahel as her next choice. In a no-nonsense way, she is a prize; but she is not in love with him. His children are all strangers—all except one, and she dies of his mother's spite. By now the thwarted, venomous old woman is a trifle crazed; but she has long since made her will, leaving the whole farm to the absentee. At last his old wife dies; and, after sixty years apart, the lone old man crosses the continent to see his brother. It is the single journey of his life; and in a sense it has no end.

This you might think a dreary tale. But it is really lovable and warm, and with two characters—the wife and mother—of outstanding quality.

"Four City Days," by Robert Travers (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), shows up American life as not worth living. This is a familiar text; and the immediate theme—civic iniquity and graft—is almost equally well worn. But it appears regarbed in a dramatic episode, and with a flattish but appealing hero. He runs an adjunct to the City morgue, burying unowned corpses, and handing 25 per cent. of all his earnings to the politicians and the police. And then one day, a murdered man is dredged out of the river, in a "cement overcoat." Harry is called to whisk him off—but the longshoremen see the head, and recognise their own lost leader, who had been trying to clean up rackets on the water-front. Thenceforth it is a tug-of-war, between the workers all out for publicity, and the "authorities" still bent on hushing up. Victory turns on Harry Cooke, and it is this rubbed, spiritless automaton who, at his own expense, causes the righteous to prevail. The slender though dramatic theme is reinforced by flashbacks, incidental portraits, and indeed all the tricks. Perhaps too many tricks for a beginner. But it has great assurance and dexterity: even, at times, a kind of charm.

"Unbriefed Mission," by Leslie Bridgmont (Falcon Press; 8s. 6d.), is English, cheery and naïve. Ex-Squadron Leader Geoffrey Cordell, now a "private eye," has come to Falversham at the request of an ex-W.A.A.F., who is perturbed about her father. He has some worry connected with South Africa; and a South African of the most horrid type, who used to pester her in Cairo, has been seen around. Then comes the fatal shot—the unknown body in the library—a dope trail from Johannesburg to Lisbon—and finally an English climax, with Geoffrey in his rôle of silly ass causing extreme suspicion and annoyance to the comic police. Light, brisk adventure in a surprisingly old-fashioned vein, and with a courtship so refined and scrupulous that it may last for ever.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"JOHN COMPANY."

"HISTORY," wrote Lord Sydenham, "records nothing that can approach the British achievement in India, and the world will never see the like of it again." Dr. Arthur Bryant, in his foreword to "Honourable Company," by M. Bellasis (Hollis and Carter; 21s.), adds that "it was throughout the story of men, and of that indefinable quality, character, that makes men. Their epitome can be found on the memorial to Henry Lawrence—the noblest, perhaps, of all the noble men of alien race who gave their lives to India—'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.'" Miss Margaret Bellasis comes of an ancient Border Catholic family, of which she is, indeed, the only survivor. That this is the case is largely due to the fact that so many of her ancestors, and the kinsmen of her ancestors, during a hundred and fifty years, from Clive to the present day, gave their lives as soldiers, merchants or administrators to the great sub-continent. It was a happy inspiration of hers to take the records of her family, and out of them weave the story of the Honourable East India Company—that "grocer's shop" in Leadenhall Street which gave Britain the most splendid Empire she has ever possessed, and the administration of which will for ever redound to her credit.

Like the rest of the Empire, it was acquired largely by accident, and almost wholly against the will of the East India Company, and later of the Indian Government which succeeded it. It is almost impossible for us now, after our experience of the "Pax Britannica" in India, to conceive of the anarchy, savagery and incessant bloodshed, famine and rapine which followed the break-up of the empire of the Great Mogul, and which rendered it necessary for the East India Company—anxious only to trade with the interior—to maintain small armies to protect their stations at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. It was to join one such small army, that of Bombay, that young John Bellasis landed at the settlement as an Ensign of Artillery in September 1769. In the years that followed he, like so many other soldiers of "John Company," was almost continuously on active service, and almost continuously victorious, against odds usually in the nature of ten to twenty to one. Nor should this be regarded as a mere victory of European arms and experience over ignorant natives. The sepoys whom he trained and commanded were opposed by sepoys trained and commanded by Frenchmen, Englishmen or Irishmen, like the great, but illiterate, George Thomas, whose splendid epitaph might have been his reply to the French revolutionary emissary: "One Irish sword is sufficient for one hundred Frenchmen." When they were not campaigning and suffering the dangers of fever, snakes and heat-stroke in their high stocks and high, heavily-bullioned collars, they were undergoing the dangers of fever, snakes and heat-stroke in their high stocks and heavily-bullioned collars in the polite little world of Bombay—with the additional hazards of the heavy wine-drinking which carried off so many brave young men. Instructions from the cheese-paring directors in Leadenhall Street took about a year to reach them—that is to say, if the great East Indianmen that carried them were not lost on the African coast, like the good ship *Grosvenor*, or captured by French, Dutch or Arab privateers, with fates for the passengers of varying degrees of horror. Yet General John Bellasis established a family tradition to be paralleled by that of a score of other families, whereby the young men of the Bellasis family came out to India to fight the Company's, and later the Queen's, enemies. Out to India, too, came the lovely young brides-to-be from England, many of them to be lost at sea, some to die of the malignant fevers within a week or two of landing, but stout-hearted in the face of appalling hazards and discomforts. It is all over now. "John Company" is nearly a hundred years dead and buried. The "Pax Britannica," the Queen-Emperor, the flag over the Residency at Lucknow are things of the past and the last British troops have gone, with a lament of the pipes, down the Apollo Bunder. Perhaps it is as it should be, though one may wonder with Miss Bellasis: ". . . after the going of the Legions, will there not be a redness in the sky and in the streets? . . . and what will presently come over the passes?"

If it weren't for the amazing achievements of women in the last war, one would have been tempted to say that the women of to-day were inferior in courage and endurance to their great-great-grandmothers. Certainly reading "The Great Accomplishment," by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve (Bles; 21s.), a description of what five Englishwomen did in the history of eighteenth-century colonisation, one stands amazed at their courage and hardihood. Mrs. Anna Maria Falconbridge accompanying her husband to Sierra Leone, a vile place now, but unimaginably viler and more fever-stricken then; the lovely Mrs. Brodbelt in Jamaica; Mrs. Pinckney in South Carolina; Mrs. Simcoe in Canada (a place she seems to have cordially detested); and Mrs. Macarthur in the then wildest place of the lot, New South Wales; were all women of the finest metal. We are indebted to them for their journals and letters, and even more indebted to Mrs. Averil Mackenzie-Grieve

for their skilful compiling and editing.

The approaching Coronation is reflected in the "Coronation Service of Queen Elizabeth II.," by E. C. Ratcliff (Cambridge University Press; 8s. 6d.). This excellent book by the Ely Professor of Divinity at Cambridge—probably the most eminent liturgical scholar now living—is almost indispensable for anyone who wishes to follow the service with a complete appreciation of its liturgical and historical significance. The service itself is set forth with notes in this book, but for a truly sumptuous version I must recommend "The Form and Order of Service," published respectively by the Cambridge and Oxford University Presses, the one at 8s. 6d. and the other at 5s.—with a popular edition of the latter at 1s. 6d. It grieves me as a loyal Oxonian to have to admit that for really opulently distinguished printing the Cambridge University Press version "gets the edge" on that of Oxford. Reading through the service I must confess that I am delighted to see that the traditional wording is used in such phrases as "truly and indifferently administer justice," "set forth Thy true and lively word" and "all bishops and curates."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AS I write, I am homeward-bound after a few days in Iceland, a little country associated with some of my most delightful memories. I first met Icelandic chess players in 1939, when their team accompanied ours out to Buenos Aires for an international team tournament. In 1946, acquaintances were renewed and enriched by my friendly visit to Iceland via the Faeroe Islands. In Iceland, I drew a short match with the then champion Asgeirsson, and managed to average about 60 per cent. in simultaneous displays against groups of twenty or thirty Icelanders at a time. One special engagement almost made history. Against ten of their best men, using clocks, I scored no wins, three draws, seven losses! I'd never tried this sort of thing before; superimposed on the redoubtable strength of the opposition were the difficulties of watching clocks as well as positions, and watching all the boards collectively whilst attending to each individually. Even with the most careful management, I frequently had all ten clocks running against me at once.

This apparently terrible score remained a black memory for a couple of years, and many were the "raggings" I received about it. Then Yanofsky, the young Canadian master, did me a really good turn. He visited Iceland, he tackled the same sort of task, and emerged like me, battered, sadder and wiser, with no wins, four draws and six losses; moreover, the actual opposition was considerably weaker than had been mine. When I had read this result, it kept me in a good humour for a week!

They flew me to Akureyri on the north coast—just to disabuse me, I imagine, of any ideas that all the strong players were concentrated in the capital. In between the displays, they organised excursions for me to hillsides spouting steam, with ice-cold and boiling hot streams side by side—you could catch a salmon in one stream and cook it in the next—to the Great Geyser, which majestically hurled steam and spray high into the air for my benefit; to gorgeous waterfalls, breath-taking rift valleys, doughty glaciers. The most strenuous fortnight of my life: yet I didn't visit the volcano Hekla, I didn't go skiing as do thousands yearly, and I was a few weeks too early for the Midnight Sun.

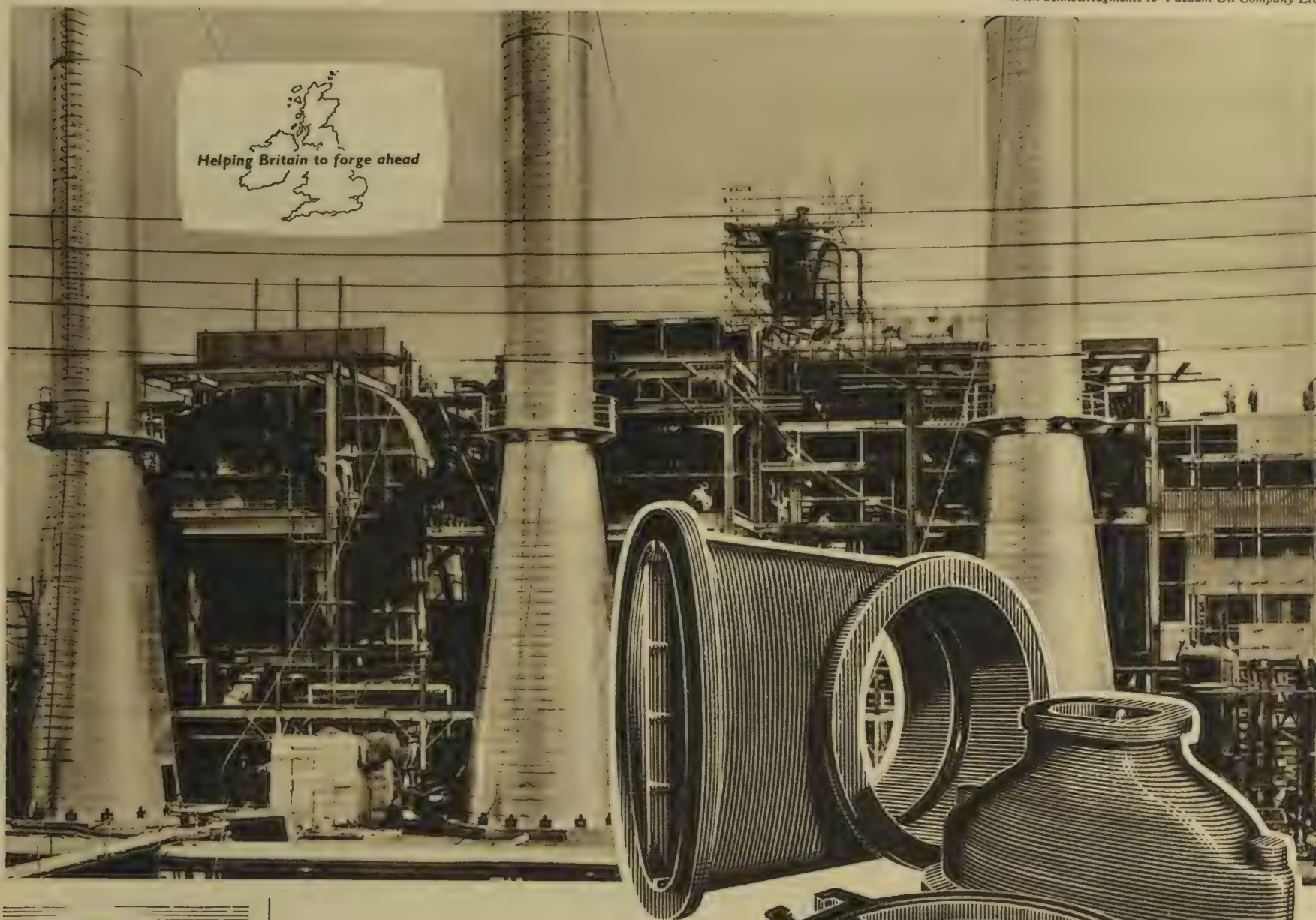
Iceland could have a roaring tourist trade, but the Icelanders just can't be bothered. Their easy-going independence has to be experienced to be believed. Frankly, I love it. Five thousand Americans are established within a bus-ride of Reykjavik's 48,000 Icelanders: 5000 among 48,000 is a lot. I never entered a café, never went out for ten minutes, without meeting Americans. Such an influx might well unsettle a town—but not in Iceland. The visitors are accepted as a matter of fact. They are not enthused over; neither are they blackguarded; the girls do not swoon over them, but neither do they freeze. The Americans rather naturally respond by behaviour just as perfect.

That every Icelandic surname seems to end in "son" merely reveals that there are no surnames there. When the rest of the civilised world took up surnames in the late Middle Ages, Iceland—typically—didn't bother. So Jon's son Ivar is called Ivar Jonsson and when in due course Ivar has a son he decides to call Oli, the new youngster's full name becomes Oli Ivarsson. The telephone directory lists people under their Christian names. Similarly, Jon Berndtsson's daughter is called not Eva Berndtsson, but Eva Jonsdottir.

Moreover, she remains that for life. Women do not change their surname on marriage. Does this contribute in some intangible way to their sublime independence and detachment in Iceland?

If there is little chess in my Notes this week—blame Iceland! A strange and lovable land, which I never leave without swearing to revisit.

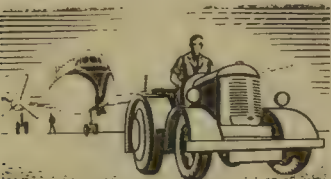
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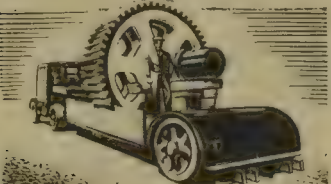
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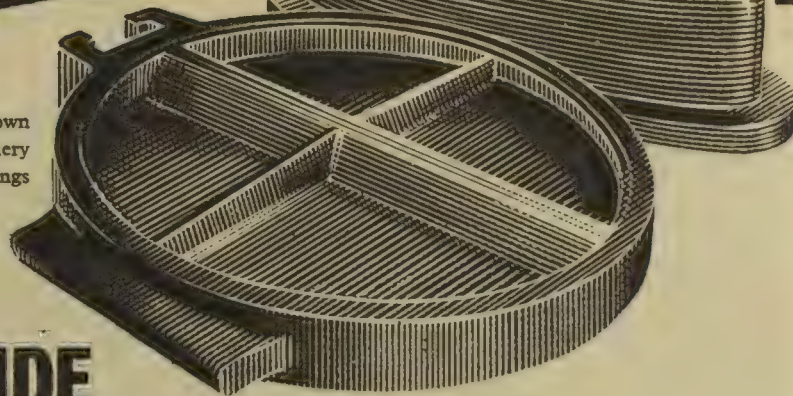


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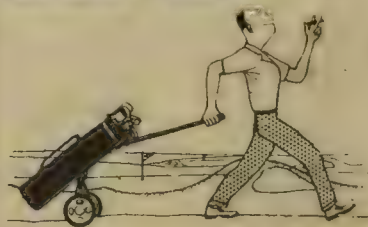
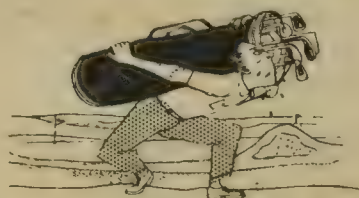
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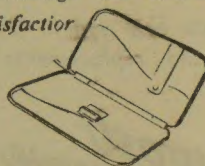
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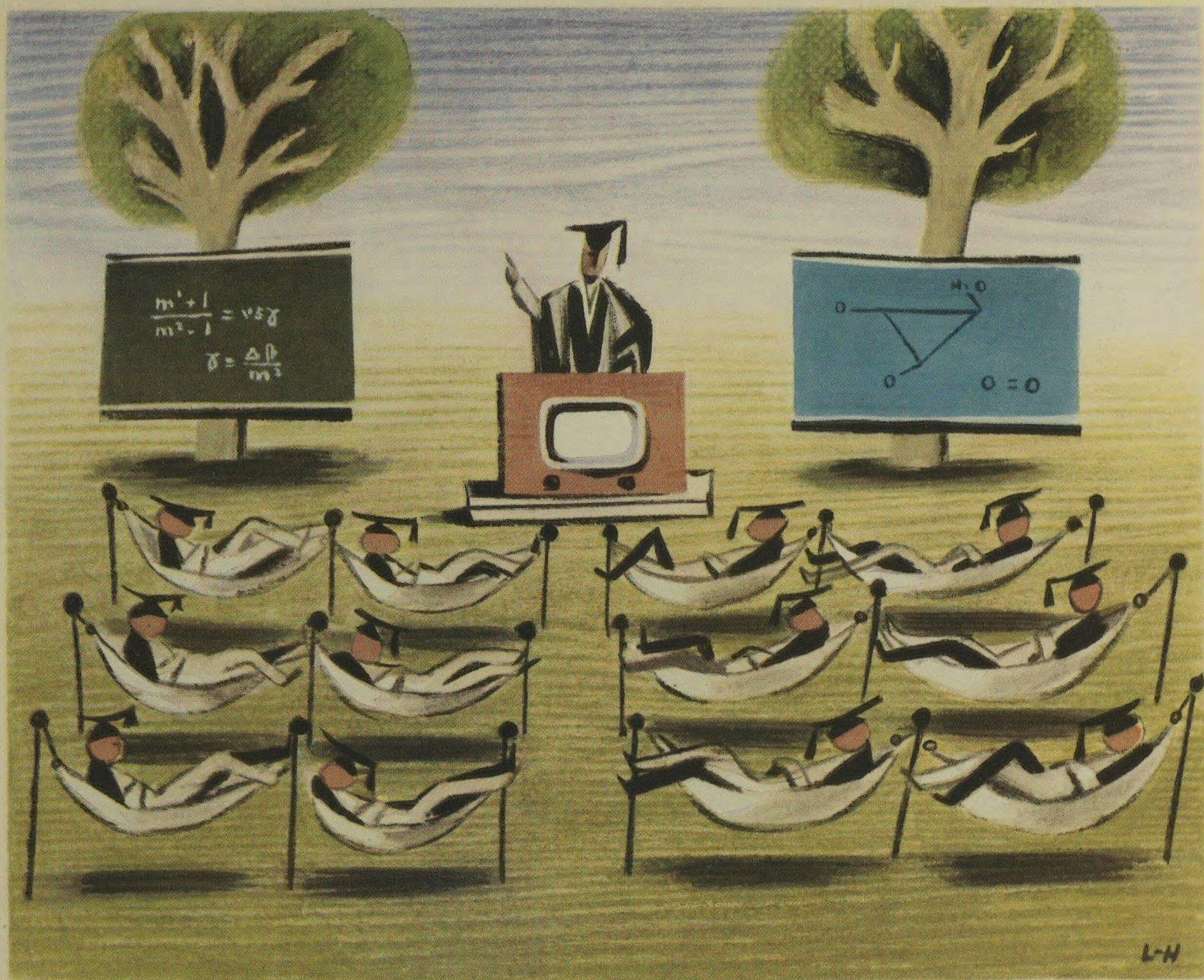


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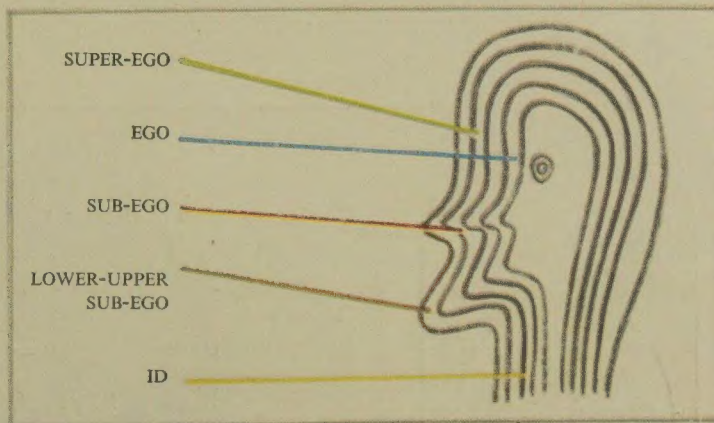
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